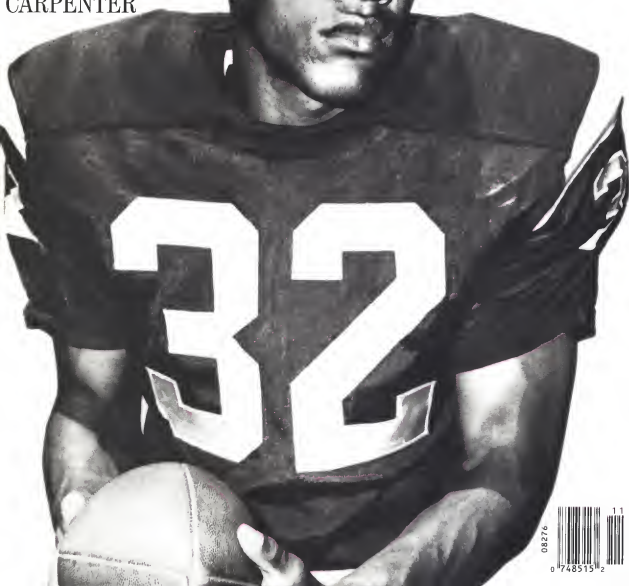


The All-American *Esquire*

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1994 • \$2.50

BY TERESA
CARPENTER



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T O M M Y



H I L F I G E R

TEMPLES



DAYTON'S

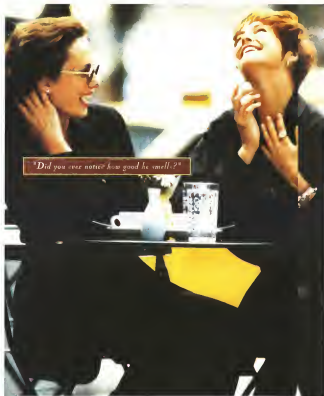
J. L. HUDSON

weather or not



LONDON EOC

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"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"



GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet.*

He spilled his wine all over my dress.

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing.*

We just had to get one of these. We laughed all the way back to my place.

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides?*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Does I ask what it is?*

GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Does.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place.*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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Esquire

NOVEMBER 1994 VOLUME 122 NO 6

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BY JOHN TAYLOR

The richest religious tycoon of all time has positioned his Christian Coalition to help pick the next president. No wonder Pat Robertson is already in heaven.



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BY TERESA CARPENTER



To many, O. J. Simpson was the big man on campus, the all-American running back, the quintessential celebrity—and happily married, too. But privately, he must have felt like the greatest impostor of them all. Portrait of the enigma as a sly young man.

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BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

For an entire wartime generation, the Varga Girl—the airbrushed fantasy that Alberto Vargas produced for Esquire—defined sensual glamour. Photographer Timothy White unveils her modern incarnation.



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BY JOHN MARIANI

Presenting our thirteenth annual selection of America's most tempting culinary newcomers. Plus, the ten trendiest foods, the most obnoxious dining concepts, the chefs to keep an eye on, some dishes to avoid, and the restaurant of the year.

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BY WILLIAM GOLDMAN

How do we kill off the Sandance Kid? Should the Dr. Mengele manqué drill into a perfectly healthy tooth? A behind-the-scenes look at moviemaking from a new book by the Academy Award-winning screenwriter.



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Reality Check

The NRA takes a bullet, Conan O'Brien dodges one, Regis and Kathie Lee get sweaty. Plus: the best celebrity sex tapes. By Jeannette Walls **22**

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"PEARL
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A BURST
OF WHITE
I CAN
FEEL."



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THE BOFFINS BAFFLED

What chemistry, we are often asked, takes place in the soulless bosom of the sherry casks where The Macallan lies slumbering for a decade (at least) before it is allowed out to meet the bottle?

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But let us take our cue from a party of scientists whom we were invited to explore the matter "Mags" they exclaimed, swinging their drums in a most unboiling manner "But mags is merely undiscovered science and we'd like to take some home for further investigations."

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April 1984 (178 1-3 US) \$5.00 (including postage)

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Mail on Mailer on Madonna

Norman Mailer's article on Madonna in our August issue "Like a Lady" drew a huge response from our readers. As always.

NORMAN MAILER'S PUNCH ON MADONNA was the most humorous, touching and confusing article I have ever read. I didn't know if I should throw the magazine out or join a fan club. But this is Madonna for you.

—ROBERT A. FELDMAN
Lansdale, New Jersey



HAVING BEEN A MADONNA fan since her debut as an artist, I've witnessed her myriad evolutions and followed hundreds of stories on her and her relationship with her. However, I think Mailer's interview was perhaps the most intelligent and well-written ever to grace a magazine. Cheers for proving that Madonna is—as Mailer states—only a lady.

—KEVIN McCLEURE
Melbrook, NY

MADONNA: "our greatest living female artist?" Mailer's interview made me laugh so hard I almost choked up several times over. The only thing more intense than Mailer's praise for Madonna would be if she actually behaved in. Obviously Norman checked his bulls at the door.

—STACEY SCHNEIDMAN/BAE BOGLE
Perth, Ohio

THANK YOU SO MUCH for Norman Mailer's interview with Madonna's beauty. Did he talk to the left one first or the right one?

—ANNETTE KATL
Rye, California

AFTER BEING FORCED to read Mailer's book *The Naked and the Dead* in college, I never forgive Mailer for writing such a lengthy, male egomaniac novel. I never wanted to read Mailer again until I saw Madonna considering him in Wayne Miller's photograph. Now I believe I would ever write those words. Mailer is a great writer. He has written a profound essay on Madonna and her place in modern history. He is a time when America is obsessed with

sexual journalism. Mailer goes to an unusual place of writing. Thank you, Madonna, for your importance. Thank you Mr. Mailer for being one of the few important voices of our time (maybe I'll give *The Naked and the Dead* another try) and thank you, Esquire, for the great idea of Mailer on Madonna—you may be the first publication brave enough to lead us out of the void.

—MARTIN WATKINS
Julius, California

MAILER'S IDEA of an interview is to relate what the interviewee would say if he could just do the talking for her. That he writes, it's as if Madonna were saying it, or a, resulting in such fascinating revelations as

"You thank you for reading my novel" and "Yes, thank you for noticing. Not content with this, Mailer goes on to tell us what Andy Warhol would say (Mailer's unimpaired upon entrance in money) what condoms would say ("Never do for love") and finally what God himself would say ("Take sex seriously"). The first headline? "Unable to the Implement of Choice: Mailer Puts Wanda in Madonna's Mouth."

—NATHAN NEWMAN
Boston, Mass.

BRAVO! It's about time somebody in the press gave Madonna the due. Mailer is conducting a fearless, public exploration of her own sexuality and people want to punish her for it. Americans hate her for the same reason they hate Hillary Clinton—because she is a strong woman.

—BRENDAN P. BARTHOLOMEW
Detroit, Michigan

ALL MAIL THE brilliant woodcock. A whose brutal honesty with and unparalleled interpretation of America's sex quest brought to the forefront the unhealed scars of the motherless wolf-blower from Detroit whose admission of sexual sex across career boundaries and never having thought of that is increasingly more shocking than her spreading her legs for the camera.

—BRIAN HUNT
Los Angeles, California

I AM NOTHER, ERM, NOT DETRIMENTAL of Madonna. I read Norman Mailer's interview with her because of my past interest in his theories on time and metaphysical and social ideas. Nonetheless, I came away with more respect for the "Lady" after doing so. But I missed his assessment of her to this our greatest living female performer again.

—A. WAYNE SWEENEY
Phoenix, Arizona

MADONNA'S ROMANTIC moments regarding sex without condoms is not surprisingly, in time with traditional Catholic sexual morality. Both are dogmatically ideologic, whether for the sake of pure pleasure or the abstract "moral law." In an age marked by uncontrolled death and irresponsible baby making, this kind of thinking is morally reckless.

—FATHER JOHN B. GUELLIAN
West Redding, Connecticut

AFTER DECLARING that Marilyn Monroe is a bitch that graffiti is art, and that murderers should walk the streets if they can write, Uncle Norman should get some milk and cookies and be led to the nicker on the porch. As for Mr. Clinton, she will flourish as long as Americans remain prurient. Mail was about sex, which means until it's over, and after the sun burns out.

—DAVID S. STEINWELL
Albany, New York

I THINK although Mailer could have spared us the thirteen pages of empty prose and just asked Madonna for a date.

—MARK DUFFORD
Atlanta, Georgia

IN SPITE OF seeming slightly awed by Madonna, Norman Mailer did a fascinating interview and wrote a delightfully challenging article. I'm tremendously impressed by Madonna's grip, determination, and unswerving ability to be true to herself and I applaud his guts for being willing to take responsive history for whatever follows.

—BETH ANN MOORE
Santa Cruz, California

Letters to the editor should be mailed with new address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 250 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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BETWEEN ALL OF THE MUD that was dinged during the early days of the O J Simpson case and the Mulholland proliferation of journalists, it is no wonder that writer **Teresa Carpenter** described the personal hearings as "Woodstock for crime reporters." For Carpenter—who won a Pulitzer prize in feature writing for three true-crime pieces in *The Village Voice*—most notably an article on the slain *Playboy* Playmate Dorothy Fazzolari—reporting the O J case was not just a coveted assignment but a calling. "I had to be there," she says.

For her article, "The Man Behind the Mask" (page 34), Carpenter went back to the Brentwood section of Los Angeles, where the killings took place, talked with Simpson's family, and retraced his steps in San Francisco's ghetto to present a rare glimpse of how O J Simpson the man was turned into a myth and back again. But, as Carpenter says, Simpson's famous persona will not be the only one scrutinized during the trial. Nicole's will be as well. "She was no angel, no perfect victim," says Carpenter, who won the best-selling book *Murder Beatty* "But in the end, she did the courageous thing and made a break from O J, and a probably cost her her life."

Moreover, Carpenter believes that the entire judicial process will be under examination with this case. "I don't know if the legal system is equipped to handle this guy," she muses. "I mean, where are you going to find twelve peers of O J Simpson's?"

THE MERE MENTION OF THE NAME *Esquire* often brings the response: Do you guys still run the *Virgo Gurl*? Nearly fifty years after she last appeared regularly, the airbrushed face of Alberto Vargas can still break hearts. But there is hope. While Vargas himself is long gone (he died in 1942), his spirit lives on in a new monthly feature by renowned photographer **Dorothy White** ("West, Virgo, Virgo Gurl," page 10). Each issue, White will present a model or celebrity in a *Virgo Gurl*-inspired pose, looking back to an era when wearing a bikini was sexier than wearing nothing at all. So

how did White reinvent and update the *Virgo Gurl*? "It's a mixture of photography, painting, computer imaging, make-up enhancement, and styling," he says simply. "And luck. Enjoy the view."

If we can elect an actor president, why not Sonny Bono to Congress? Contributing editor **Michael Angelo** caught up with Cher's ex on the campaign trail ("Love, from O C, Sonny Bono" page 66). "I went to see him in Palm Springs," says Angelo—shown above with Bono's costar Rob Loder—and everyone knows him, sort of like *Andy of Mayberry*. And I asked him, 'What would cap off this great run?' He told me, 'A farewell concert with Cher.'" Angelo is at work on a screenplay—*See the Gervais*—for Disney.

And when it comes to writing screenplays, few do it better than two-time *Academy Award*-winning screenwriter **William Goldman**, who offers his unique insights into the movie industry in "Bitch Cassidy and the Nazi Dentist" (page 106). In his new book, excerpted here, William Goldman, *Five Screenplays* (Apprentice Books)—a sequel, of sorts, to his seminal *Adventures in the Screen Trade*—Goldman recounts the history from paper to popcorn of his best-loved films: *Bitch Cassidy* and *The Sandbagged Kid*, *Murder Men*, *The Prisoner Bride*, *Melody*, and his most recent success, last summer's *Maverick*.

Finally, for more than a decade, food and travel columnists **John Mariani** and executive editor **Asta Lenore** have sacrificed their arteries to present "Cheers" (page 11), our annual guide to the best new restaurants in America. "For a woman her age," Mariani says of the graciously welloiled Lenore, "she can put away the food." And other than the fact that she's never met a piece of sushi or fine gin she didn't like, Mariani believes that "99 percent of the time, we agree about a restaurant." The result, as always, is a panoramic treat from coast to coast. This year, Mariani—who recently cowrote *The Four Seasons: A History of American Palace Resorts* (Knopf)—and is collaborating with his brother on a memoir of the Bronx in the *Platinum* calling for a ten-year manuscript on "the goddamned subway." Mariani reminds chefs: "There are other fish in the sea." ■

ESCAPE

for men



Reality Check

Assaults

Can They Still Afford Bullets?

THE NATIONAL RIFLE Association will support just about anything having to do with firearms, except when a former member goes shooting his mouth off—especially after the year the NRA's had. While the organization still boasts more than three million members and remains one of the most powerful

According to **Dave Edmundson**, a former NRA board member who belonged to the organization for almost thirty years, the gun group is near bankruptcy. Edmundson says that based on the NRA's own figures, it ran deficits of \$17 million in 1990, \$60 million in 1991, and another \$60 million in the first four months of 1994.

For 1993, the group lists assets of \$1.45 million and liabilities of \$100 million. Furthermore, there's a high turnover of membership, he claims, and according to his calculations, the NRA loses six dollars for every member it acquires, only 40 percent renew their membership after the first year. He also says that the NRA has been losing money on its electoral campaign.

Philips says that the group has ended stepped up spending, but he cautions that Edmundson's figures are misleading. "It's an accounting thing as opposed to what's really happening," he says. "I've been called an NRA, but let me make it clear—I support the group," says Edmundson. "I'm not the people who are destroying it." Edmundson will likely be sporting a bulletproof vest this season.



Bob Linn with the NRA

lobbying group, it's lately had to make, among other events:
▶ losing the battle against the crime bill
▶ losing the battle against the Brady bill
▶ being dropped as a sponsor by the U.S. Olympic shooting team, after accusations that "the NRA took an Olympic sport and turned it into a private office for lobbying, patronage, and public relations"
Now, another shot to the heart



The NBC Peacock

Embarrassed as a Peacock

Richard Nixon lives—at least on the minds of some NBC executives. Suffering at the network were horrified to learn recently that their new news slogan, "Now more than ever," was President Nixon's 1970 reelection slogan. A spokesman for NBC insists "there's no problem" in co-opting a phrase said by the only U.S.

president who was forced to resign. As she adds, "It's not copyrighted." But an NBC insider gossips, "This is just the thing we needed to give us credibility" and adds that by the time the NBC powers realized the phrase had such an illustrious past, they decided to drop it anyway. "They were hoping that the viewers don't have very long memories."

He'll Be Right Back...

Dick O'Brien has his job for twenty-four hours? According to a story making the rounds in the entertainment world—one that O'Brien denies—in August, NBC had made a "final decision" not to renew the contract of the fledgling talk-show host, but he revealed that decision the next day. "The day they were going to announce it, the papers were covered with news about Jay Leno's dad's death," says one source. "NBC was afraid that the decision coming



A brush with death.

out that day would look really ugly." So it renewed O'Brien's contract for the same hour. Says the source, "Who knows who else could die in that time?"

Tim Souther

Coming Soon: Forrest Hump!

THE ENDURENCE of the homegrown video made by **Tony Danza** and **Jeff Goldblum** has renewed interest in other celebrity sex tapes that somehow make it into public hands. "There's a network of us," says one video

connoisseur, "a subculture that collect and trades these things," especially in sex-graphic conversation and in the beds of famous. "One of the things that's great about it," says Eddie Gossard, a writer for *The Push Press* of

in their early years, actually having a happen (yep, **Michael Gorbunov** can't wait to put on this one) and some unusually footage of what appears to be **Check** Barry wearing the old meaning to the phrase "hey dagg-dagg"—have been collected and sold for years now by some obscure publisher.



Art and MTH in a change of MTH.

Al Solimano. Some are simply porn films that stars made before they became famous. For example, **Spitting** **Greg** does himself proud in *Forrest*. **Dan** O'Brien are harder to find, such as an extraordinarily explicit outburst between actress and psycho filmmaker **Jay** **Kennedy** and her then husband **Lee**.

The most famous of the sex tapes is **Bob Leno's** 1980 romp in *Albino*, the *Go-Go's*.

Joan Kennedy, or a video of **Her** that her former boss **Kim Basinger** **Joan Kennedy**, is still to have made. There are also the uncensored of celebrity video, the ones that are rumored to exist but that may not be such as **Mary Tyler**.

More sharing some sexy moments with **Elvis Presley** while the two were filming the 1961 movie *Change of Heart*—a tape that rocks **David Lee Roth** is said to own (Spoken for Moore and Roth could not deny or confirm the existence of such a tape.) A sexy **Yanna White** tape is also out there. "It's not very money," says What's manager. "There's a sophisticated shower scene."



the tapes available—what else? **Michael Jackson**. According to people who have seen the deposed performer, it involves **Michael** giving **Sam White** a tour of his Northern estate, *Bellevue*, yes, but frankly a mild—yes, I think he'd be more interested in those seven little guys the shocks up with

Lithe with Regis and Kathie Lee

When **Regis Philbin** comes out with a new book video within this year, it won't only be a matter of time before the only remaining celebrity taping out—his sister, **Kathie Lee Gifford**—did the same. Who makes you insane? You be the judge.

Regis Philbin, My Personal Workout APPROXIMATE RUNNING TIME: 47 MINUTES APPROXIMATE WORKOUT TIME: 17 MINUTES OVERALL APPROACH: Mellow sculpting and toning. MEET A FEW PEOPLE I LOVE: Kathie Lee, wife Joy, my daughter, Michael Gifford. MY FAVORITE MOMENT: Michael Gifford says I started seriously exercising "I was very, very perfectly fit growing up."

JOHN AT THE OTHER'S EXPENSE: 3 FRANK GIFFORD JOES: 2 CORY GIFFORD JOES: 1 RANDOM JOE TARGET: David Letterman

WORTH DANCE WORKOUT TIP: Leaping how to walk by putting one foot in front of the other. SCARIEST MOMENT: Regis looking a little like Jack La Laine.

AWARD FOR GETTING THROUGH THE WORKOUT: Regis's Harvard Crap confessional, tucked onto the end of the tape.

Kathie Lee's Feel Fit & Fabulous Workout APPROXIMATE RUNNING TIME: 52 MINUTES APPROXIMATE WORKOUT TIME: 45 MINUTES OVERALL APPROACH: A very chatty aerobic class. MEET A FEW PEOPLE I LOVE: Some Michael, old friends Laine Johnson and Denise Carly with a SEATED WINDMILL EXERCISE. "I had my first child... then my second baby... then I started flying."

JOHN AT THE OTHER'S EXPENSE: 3 FRANK GIFFORD JOES: 1 CORY GIFFORD JOES: 2 RANDOM JOE TARGET: Michael Gifford

WORTH DANCE WORKOUT TIP: Doing leg lifts with and bench-pressing baby daughter Candy. SCARIEST MOMENT: Tucking four-year-old son Jack into bed.

AWARD FOR GETTING THROUGH THE WORKOUT: Kathie Lee getting ready to be on a silk nightie as Frank comes in wearing a robe.

Reality Check

Take Two Beaujolais and Call Me in the Morning



HERE'S THE PERFECT thing to wash down those garlic pills: Arkopharma has introduced a product called French Paradise. The makers promise that the ear-reever-colored capsules deliver the "beneficial properties" of red wine (which many believe is good for the heart) without your having to drink a drop or pay a corkage fee. Still, it's probably wise not to have it with fish.

Job Opportunities

Min Ldr Wtd. Exp w/PAC's Req



lit the trail. Bob.

When Bob Dole officially runs for president—this is, of course, just precession for Dole—he may have to lose one of his job titles. The contentious Kansan, who made a bid for the White House in '88, will probably have to give up his coveted

Parliament Papers

Giving New Meaning to the Names Punch and Pinch Sulzberger

THE NEW YORK TIMES is having a tough time talking about sex. More specifically, about how to update its Victorian orthography to match today's libidinous world. The following scenario was written by Alan M. Siegel, an assistant managing editor at the Times, to instruct editors on the proper spelling of that time-honored sexual practice, *admissionsexsexsex*. Doh.

We've been asked for a style guideline (believe it or not) on the conversational phrase S-and-M, meaning sodom and masochism.

The dictionaries prefer S-M, and that style is acceptable, but often not as accessible enough in conversational prose. What we prefer is your final version: let's use Sphexence S-and M. That has the virtue of consistency with (believe it or not) our stylebook preference for sex and self.

The Times marches on. Now, about B-and-D.

Current Affairs

Airing His Dirty Laundry

Don Hewitt, executive producer of 60 Minutes, has tick, tick, tick, ticked off CBS's largest owned-and-operated station. As a recent forger of prominent CEOs, Hewitt delivered a blistering speech about the "slants" shown on national shows. Stung out for criticism was a "weekend" segment, "Dangerous Dry Cleaners," done by WCBS-TV in New York, the network's flagship station. "It was a very irresponsible report on the numerous fumes emitted by dry cleaners and how people who live near them suffer," says a WCBS source. "I suppose if we had Andy Rooney [Hewitt] would respect us." Wouldn't we all?



Don Hewitt: Fresh talking

position as Senate majority leader, according to a Beltway source.

[The Republican party] won't stand for it this time around. They let him run around the country campaigning and ignoring his responsibilities last time," says the source, "and the party suffered for it." Maybe the Democrats should make Bill Clinton give up his job before he runs for the presidency.

Death Is Not an Option

A monthly parlor game

Ruth Bader Ginsburg or Sandra Day O'Connor?

Mark Taper or Sharen Bradley?

Irena Nagy or Bob Evans?

Roseanne or Danny DeVito?

Tyler Arnold or Carlos the Jackal?

Steven Thornehill or Jesse Helms?

Sandra Bernhard or Kristen McNamara?

John Wayne Roberts or Ben Jeleny?

Jeffrey Katzenberg or Michael Eisner?

Kim Jong Il or Vladimir Kharinovsky?

Susan Fowler or Bruce Jenner?

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POPULAR MECHANICS March, 1980

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USA NEWS & WORLD REPORT May 15, 1980

"Because you are working so fast and intensely, you get your heart really pumping, which is important for your health. And unlike many other leg units, Trimax requires very few equipment adjustments as you change from one exercise to the next."

NEWSHEALTH December, 1980

"For those who want the fastest, easiest full body workout possible, the Trimax is the best option available. The unit includes leg extension and butterfly attachments in remarkably well engineered and rock steady."

HEALTH JOURNAL December, 1980

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MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LEUBERG
MULTIMEDIA

From the Desktop of Frank Lloyd Wright



From the Robie House to your house, Microsoft's new CD-ROM program (NSR-90) lets you design in Prairie style.

THE NEW FRANK Lloyd Wright story is of the indignant client who played no report that the roof of his new Wright house was leaking onto his desk.

"Well, why don't you move the desk?" replied the manner irritably.

Now Wright himself has come to the desktop via a CD-ROM from Microsoft: *The Ultimate Frank*.



Lloyd Wright. Over jealous, the self-proclaimed Wright would have been pleased only to become the first architect represented in this new medium. (Take that, Miss von der Rube!) It is an elegantly designed program, with letters straight from Wright's own font box, windows drawn from his stained-glass designs, and a menu that offers sets, materials, and philosophy, as well as hundreds of sketches and photographs. A tent-like track Wright's projects, publications, and waves. You can "walk through" a 3D model of his structures—including the classic but demolished Larkin Building, the Buffalo office center inspired by the local grain elevators. Then, when you've digested it all, use a feature called the Wright Modeler to design your own dream house.

Wright's engaged technology—he designed gears that he patented housing above Broadway City, his vision of an earthly heaven. Now it's easy to imagine Wright himself hovering overhead, unable to keep from looking his daylight at his own new form of desktop celebrity.

—FRANK PATTON



FILM

A Bronx Boy's Tale

CHARACTERS HAVE A WAY of appearing when Chazz Palminteri talks. *POVERTY*, says waggles from 1976 and belated in the Bronx, where he grew up. He has the face of a big man, the body of an NBA point guard, the Old World accents of a prize as an Ig Nobel Show news, and the sincerity of a man who's won the lottery. As he's about to say of those who inspire him: Chazz is "good people."

Said of them. In a three-life writer-ethnographical play that lifted him from 16 years of obscurity, he played all eighteen roles, mediating in debate or register from one to another on the bare stage. *WHITES*—funky, in desperation—after a 1986 move to L.A. earned only a few gambler roles in TV cop series, a won award, then the attention of Hollywood. Offers to buy the play outright rose from \$150,000 to seven figures, making the act in his book account seem small indeed, but he worried. "I wrote it as a showcase for me; they wanted it for themselves. It was like a poker game," he says. "I had won."

Finance paid off in the form of Robert DeNiro, he guaranteed Chazz script control and a co-starring role, making his own debut as director. With the incipient stardom list fills film brought, Palminteri became the industry's improvisational tale. Aspiring authors and actors wrote him constantly, and Hollywood has swallowed him whole. This month, he co-stars with Martin Scorsese in *The Irish* family and he has been "paid tribute" by Woody Allen with the spontaneous Chazz role in *Bullet in the Head*—a scene upon his men who accidentally purpose someone a pompous play into a Broadway smash.

He speaks of success almost deliriously now—"the faculty of postponing pain," "what you do, do it for money." "Tup Walk the dog"—sounding from moments to moments like a Tony Robbins infomercial. Then you realize. That is Chazz Palminteri talking, softly, sagely, and about no one but himself and you just get inspired.

—JAN SULLIVAN

Chazz Palminteri: The Bronx says he could get arrested, now he's everybody's favorite wiseguy.



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More Monkey Business



that bygone regulars, probably wouldn't have recognized. The original monkey music are still there, as are the monkey scowls and of course the puns. The old lounge joint, carpeting has yielded to a restoration of the original marooning vinyl green, and cobalt blue vinyl lacquer. Alas, the new bar stools in the shape of



Rhinos return: The spruced-up Monkey Bar where Hirsch's 1950 hangout is its reborn (the inside tables) still hangs.

cocktail olives. Might Talle have found generic was amusing?

But, the Fork Club was never El Morocco. The Astor Roof, however, was an oasis of extravagantly macabre wit and edgy bandy but only indulgent wit. It was the village of preference for no-nonsense theatrical, literary and sports celebrities many of them—Tallulah Bankhead, Joe DiMaggio, John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Tennessee Williams, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, to name but a handful—recipients of the singularly eccentric Houd Elyse, which

still houses the Monkey Bar today, midblock between Madison and Park avenues on Fifty-fourth Street.

Opened in 1935, 100 years after the Elyse was built, the Monkey Bar survived virtually intact into this decade, a hole of the type called "cave" in newspaper/newsline. Robert Barker once wrote a dozen or so cocktail tables surrounding a scarred baby grand, the domain of a temperamental roster of semiretired crooners who specialized in "dirty duets" and the maddeningly deflating of all comers. The few and the posterophically embracing monkey was passed in 1950 by an armful of fly-on-owners Leon Quares, one Eugene Zilber, whose concept was preoccupied by two more monkey music

ists in later years. If anything has been compromised through renovation it may be that intense sense so prized in the Monkey Bar's prime. A 1930s restaurant extension now backs beneath a majestic staircase just beyond the room's southernmost wall. It is a beautiful space graced with a near-quiet chef John Schwab, previously of Mad in Paris, is an inescapable menu item? No, insists Quares, who's still on the premises and perfectly schooled in matters of restless shore. "It is an extension, sure, but the Monkey Bar will keep you if you let it."

—BARBARA SINGER



TWO YEARS ago when the Monkey Bar was unanimously shuttered the loss, surviving, present in residence. Fifty-year veteran Johnny Andrews was gently served and the staff of courtly professional women was let go. This fall, though the doors were again thrown open revealing a rejuvenated Monkey Bar restored to a lounge



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Law, but Less Order

JILL HENNESSY may be the only screen star to have received a career boost from Attorney General Janet Reno. Hennessy plays Claire, the assistant DA on NBC's *Law & Order*; in one episode, she has filled that small corner of the screen not given over to the moral agonies of her boss, prosecutor Cathryn Michael Moriarty. This season is a different story for the animal reason that Moriarty, a man of uncommon conscience even without a script, blamed the attorney general's recent attempt to fast-track some of the blame for our violent society on television. Convinced the act was wrong, Moriarty quit the show to appear in Washington; Moriarty quit and Rene Watson replaced him. The *Law* character very much likes the look of the *Jill* character (so did the Michael character, but he was hung up on *er*) and Hennessy is persuaded that, whether or not she loses her lawyerly virtue to Watson, mutual enemies are now hers to exploit.

For Hennessy that seems more in character. There is in her features and her manner a final sharpness that might lead one to imagine that she was raised by wolves—and one might not be far off. Her mother left the family when Jill was twelve, she says, and her father dragged the kids all over western Canada. At six, she was on her own in Toronto "playing guitar in the street, hanging out with the crowd in clubs with never more than five cents in my pocket." At twenty-five, she'll lose a fashion-able slacker than a scrappy Depresser's-tougher ready to oblige with a song, a come-hither pose, some impromptu dance (she does a great Moriarty). It's amazing she's so credible as Claire, who's the straightest thing in a guy-filled suit. Or is she? "You don't know what Claire does after work," Hennessy says. "Whether she goes to a bar and picks up women or to an LGBT club." While the focus of *Law & Order* seems bright, somehow this isn't what Janet Reno had in mind. —JOANNE HOROWITZ

Jill Hennessy: Out in disorder



MICHAEL HALLSBERG

INTRODUCING HORIZON FOR MEN



EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris

Giving Up the Corner Office

IT ALL BEGAN when Jay Chast went skiing. Marvelling at how technology enabled him to work from anywhere with a phone jack, the advertising maverick suddenly realized that office merely provide a place to go in the morning. And I thought it would be a big improvement," he says. "If people stopped organizing their day around where they sit and instead focused on what they do."

So here we are at the Chast/Day ad agency's brave new Manhattan headquarters, where no one has a cubicle or even a desk. The workstation is wholly virtual: a computer file and a telephone extension.

To compensate for abolishing private territory, the company created an office that's boisterously communal and aggressively fun—an adult play pen, a thirty-eight-floor one house. The brightly colored

rooms look as though someone splashed paint all over them, stopping only to draw a few whimsical hieroglyphs such as the figure of a boy peeing at the entrance to the men's room. For instance, a row of beanbag chairs to

high-backed sofas to some dining-like bleachers in a room dubbed the piazza. There's a "clubhouse" serving up snacks and coffee and magnificent views, a library playing rock music, project rooms displaying work in progress. And except for employee lockers and a few area-specific work areas, every inch is common space. Just

check out a portable phone and a laptop from the "tool room," then plug down anywhere you fancy. Or don't sit at all. Plenty of folks work by walking around, phones pressed to their ears, occasionally pausing in one of the "information lounges"—computer-perched snip corners so people can check their E-mail on the run.



The Chast/Day school of advertising: Day errands (above), you might visit your only personal space—your locker (near right)—and your mailbox, which is next to the "store" (right), where you pick up your office—a portable phone and a laptop.



Glamorous in the architecture and technology are their ultimate purpose is profit. The new office houses the same number of employees as one third the space—a fact that leads some skeptics to dismiss the move as a downsizing in drag. But Chast insists the main advantage is enhanced productivity and creativity. The state-of-the-art computer network lets employees work easily from a client's office, thereby improving service. And the relaxing style of the agency's own office "gives off raw energy," he says, and "subconsciously reminds you to do something a little unique."

It also demands that employees shoulder a lot of



responsibility. During the transition management had to do a lot of hand holding, but the mostly young staff adjusted swiftly. Now, six months after the new office opened, management is trying to keep its hands off, putting into practice all

those beatitudes "do as you would be done by" and "work as you would be worked." The biggest remaining problem? Locating people. "In the old office," says managing supervisor Doug Krueper, "you knew where people sat." Now, if employees don't answer their



Beau new office world: The communal "clubhouse" (top), conference rooms (left), for group work and client presentations, and the "doghouse" (above), for running down on a tight bit.

phones or return their messages, they could be anywhere—literally. In the office of the future? No more anarchy, Glaxo's Paine. "It's the present. All other offices are already in the past."

—MARK SCHROEDER

The Robots That Conquered Cable

NIGHTLY CHANNEL surfers are not the only ones responsible for making Comedy Central's *Mystery Science Theater 3000* the rule (in of cable television). The three silhouetted characters sitting Loopy Tater-style in a theater between us and some pretty awful B movies are serving up some of the most astute media critique and pure, cheesy camp on television today.

The premise is relatively simple. In the not-so-distant future (just Sunday A.M., to be precise), a junior at a high-tech company, bored by



his bosses, gets shot into space, where he is forced to watch bad movies. To combat loneliness, he uses spare parts to construct two witty robot companions who make wisecracks during the torturous screenings.

Viewers of nearly every television stripe, on the other hand, flock to the framing device quite voluntarily. MST 3K has its own national convention and, come on,



Semioticians of schlock: The native trio of MST 3K is captivated by a growing cult with their science-media rep.

four separate airways on the Internet dedicated to discussing the show's four points—such as which robot has a better singing voice. Appealing to an audience ranging from schlock junkies to scanning for the next movie

plus about Goddard to sell made-media theories dominating in the margins of semioticist brothering, the show has managed to rise (or is it muddle?) a wide range of comedic styles.

Son-R. Inuabon: A Japanese monster reptile theme song is given lyrics. "Gonzo

robots argue heatedly over the relative merits of DC35 Widows and Macintosh operating systems.

Bummer nostalgia: Mad scientist Bella Lugosi enters his lab, removes his stat jacket, and dons his lab coat as a robot sings to the tune of Mr. Rogers' opening theme. "It's a beautiful day in the laboratory."



A nod to the intelligentsia: A woman thrown down a magazine in disgust as the junior speaks her thoughts. "I hate Hugh Hefey!"

TV trivia: The painfully long opening sequence of a spy film follows a woman's legs as she walks through rough streets. "Watch this. They'll put up and it's gonna be John Cline."

Breitbartian alienation: The sounds of guns and guard dogs pursue escaping female convicts. "Sounds like the Foley artists are chasing 'af' Meow it!"

But maybe the best self-referential laugh is on the viewers themselves, who, like the junior alone in his spaceship, construct themselves with the company of megagenetized buddies on a Sunday night when there's no one else around willing to make up the same kind of Roger Corman

—DOUGLAS BISHOFF

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The Visible Man

In 1977 nearly half the populace watched the final episode of the miniseries *Rain*—a poignant, ironically a 1975 release of *Clotel* with the *Blind* as the most-watched program of all time. Crisis argued, however, that the type, based on Alex Haley's best-selling book, misread black history, volubled in stereotypes, and presented a superficial equation of white guilt with slavery.

This month, a Whitney Museum exhibition, *Black Male: Representations of*



Masculinity in Contemporary American Art, explores the transformation of the image of black men since the Black Power movement of the late 1960s. Drawing on works by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Jeff Koons, Lorenz Strepen, and David Hammons, the show

is as broad in its approach as *Rain* was narrow.

Nowhere is that diversity more evident than in the show's controversially running film, ranging from hip-hop and gangster videos to such lectures as Melvin Van Peebles's *Black Star*

Shades of meaning: *Toussaint Louverture* by Robert Rauschenberg (1983), is part of the Whitney's exploration of the power of archetypes and stereotypes.

and *Blackman 50mg*, which portrayed the blackman-versus-cape genre, earning an X rating in the process. There's Gordon Parks's 1959 *Harlem Nights* classic, *Sheik*, in which self-proclaimed "apologetic detective" John Shaft (Buchi and Rauschenberg) coolly takes down a macho blade-wielding punk with the line, "Don't let your mouth get your ass in trouble." Contrast that with the drag-queen families of the groundbreaking 1990 documentary *Paris Is Burning*, about New York's black and Latino gay-ball culture, where heads are served in all-white wigs and on the dance floor.

—DEAN KOSS



Signifying speakers: *Rose Demme* lays out the perils of sharing a room with drug dealers and smokers.

from world—and with an ironic sting but a voice of wonderment, brother says, "It's more than different." The cliché collapses like a shattered bubble.

—CHRIS RAYMOND

OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Walter Shapiro

Newt to the Rescue!



Goodbye, Tom Foley? When January, upon the foreign aid dog could be bit rescued, he would be the new head of the House.

There's nothing to worry about, Mr. President. Speaker of the House Gingrich is on the way.

IF REAL LIFE HAS BEEN dispiriting for [Bill] Clinton in recent months, just imagine what his nightmares must be like. Picture the President of the United States tossing and turning in troubled sleep as his fertile mind conceives nocturnal visions like these:

► Hillary strides into the Oval Office with a broad smile on her face. "Bill, I have wonderful news," she gushes. "I've and I have just come up with the outline for a wonderful new health-care plan. We're going to have hundreds of experts together this afternoon to begin to hammer out the details."

► Tony Lake begins a morning national security briefing in the White House situation room, looking even more dour than usual. "Mr. President, Fidel Castro has just pulled another fast one." Lake announces in a grave tone. "New

Cuban troops are invading Haiti. What are we going to do?"

► The President starts on *Survivor Night* (or just in time to see guest host Al Gore) test up a picture of the pope.

► Chairman is standing in the doorway of the House chamber, poised to deliver the 1995 State of the Union Address. There is no speech text, and aides report the Title Prompter is showing *Forrest and Butch* tapes. That's the good news. The terror begins when the House speaker in tones the familiar words: "I have the high privilege and distinct honor to present..." My God, that isn't reliable Tom Foley up there. It's—it's—Speaker Newt Gingrich.

TO CLINTON, Clashes with a nose ring is nothing compared with the honor of the Republicans winning control of the House—now after now of displaced GOP shock troops led by General Gingrich, a brilliant conservative tactician eager to humiliate a Democratic president. As a fiscal conservator leader (Robert Milder the near invisible GOP chairman is serving this year), Gingrich skillfully deployed the 97 current House Republicans to make Clinton grovel to pass a lawless version of his cherished crime bill. So imagine Gingrich is speaker (he takes forty-one more votes), or even as a House minority leader empowered by the likely package of at least twenty new GOP votes. These would be no more talk of congressional gridlock, with Gingrich in charge, the future, naive political metaphor would be driven by showings, *Issue yourself, it's coming*. Congressional expert Norman Ornstein predicts that Gingrich will be speaker by 1997, if not sooner.

Still, the Senate, where the Democrats hold a shaky 57-43 majority is the far more probable prize for the Republicans in the month's election. But Rob Dole as Senate majority leader would be a known quantity—he would blow it and play his part with love but in the end he would always be ready to broker a deal. At seventy-one, eyeing a lusterous presidential seat, Dole is too conscious of his own disreputation to bring on personal apocalypse. He is, in short, the loyal opposition on *Men of the Week*, while the fifty-one-year-old Gingrich is an unrelenting talk-show sinner and as often hears not to an empty House chamber on CSPAN.

So on a sleepy Tuesday morning, with Congress mercifully in recess, I dropped by for a chat with the dreading Gingrich in his Capitol office. Sure, on a certain level, I was checking for horns and cloven hooves. But I was also testing out a common notion: that the nation—and perhaps even the beleaguered Clinton—would be better off if Gingrich and his right-wing banders were ousted of the House.

Clay, we're talking history but hear me out. The Democrats have controlled the House since 1955, when the President was busy networking in a third grade in Hot Springs. Edmund Burke was right about absolute power. Think of

DOCUMENTS

Outside Shots

FROM THE high tragedy of Earl Maestri to the gaudy crashing triumph of *De Jure* to the brilliant song of *Stage John*, elevating baseball players to mythic status has been a favorite American pastime. So has debunking the possibility of an Alge-esque climb from the ghetto playground to the coliseum of the NBA.

Well, never mind all that. This month, *clash* story lines fill by the boards like oversteamed defenders in the face of two sword looks at

baseball's grip on the lives and imaginations of inter-city kids. An astonishingly rich documentary, *Hope Demme*, traces the four-year odyssey of two half-brother sons from Chicago, and a book by Darryl Bray, *The Last Shot* (Houghton Mifflin), chronicles the violent careers of four high school students from Coney Island.

All six players share raw talent, flashes of strategy and an obsessive reliance on the game, each sure, or be less, that his future depends almost entirely on how well he performs on the court. But

the drama in their stories has less to do with superhuman feats than with the incongruous burdens of poverty and great expectations. We watch their dealings with the disparate reporting cast that is drawn into their long-drawn struggles, from their complex, overbearing family relations to their often baffling encounter with the school and sports managerial class from Coney Island.

The gap between these worlds is grappled by Arthur Askin's brother who gets lost about the last word in *Hope Demme*. As the family winds around the campus of the University of Illinois, more remarks that it's a dif-



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OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

PAC names the House banking scandal, the post office scandal, the indictment of Wags and Messer Committee chairman Dan Rostenkowski. Reminiscent that Tony Coelho the number two Democrat in the House, was forced to resign to avoid a parole bond scandal a few years back (Wingspan: Clinton just stepped back in the Democratic National Convention).

But even others close (back to Cool too again), the House is even by party lines, party feuds, and party politics. It was business as usual when Jack Brooks, a crumbly old school House committee chairman, recently assumed a six million grant to his alma mater onto the original House Senate compromise on the union bill. Gingrich and the Republicans rightfully screamed, "Tush!" and the President took accommodating to disown a Democratic committee chairman) got the blame. Even before the crumbly folkies, the voters understood the problem, so presto in a June NBC poll against with the bold statement, "Congress as an institution is corrupt."

There are remaining hints that Clinton is at last beginning to apply Pogo's famous dictum ("We have met the enemy and he is us") to his fellow Democrats in Congress. As the House does, it must be considered as his Caliban in August. T. first his Ashik led to the man in Moby Dick—and that man is Congress."

When I sit down with the gray-haired Congressman who with his mid-age jawline oozes white shirt and earnest red tie looks like the president of the Georgia Institute—he obligingly launched into a well-worn critique of the House Democrats. Instantaneously, they are vaguely corrupt in that they use the public purse to maintain power," he said in the future-hall years of the backwater college history professor he once was. "They do it sometimes at levels that cross the [ethical] boards and other times only at the levels of bad taste. They do it with enormous skill and smug, for they believe in government as an instrument."

Okay I was nodding along with News there for a minute when, as it is his habit, he stepped off the cliff of mainstream debate. What's the problem with government as an instrument? Who's going to send out Social Security checks, the junior League? A bit later

OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

age during just one month of his presidency—last November when he joined NAFTA (albeit with Gingrich) and preached so eloquently about black-on-black violence in a church in Memphis.

But to my mind, the real reason for the perception of failure that dogs Clinton lies deeper, calling into question the break the bigger legislative strategy that governed Clinton's first two years in office. During the campaign, Clinton treated the congressional leadership like his brother Roger—keeping them off center stage as much as humanly possible. But once he hit Washington, perhaps out of insecurity, certainly egged on by fresh-from-Capitol Hill advisers, Clinton went native. And what has this taken Congressmen to know: philosophy got him? A stack of bills like the Family Leave Act, student loans, national service that nobody remembers and endless harassment from his own party on the big things, such as health care.

Al From, the president of the Democratic Leadership Council, gets it more right when he argues that Clinton made two major mistakes: "playing his politics by accommodating the Democratic leadership in Congress, particularly the House, and putting health care ahead of welfare reform as the defining issue of his presidency." (I'm skeptical that welfare reform will do that much to reduce the ingrained pathologies of the underclass, but, hey, anything would be better than that Rubie Goldberg-niger health care plan.) The politics claiming that voters wanted Clinton to end the stalemate in Washington were ambiguous at best. As a ladder but not a stair Clinton adviser puts it now: "People were scared off by what breaking gridlock means."

Clinton stumbled when he lost sight of the crucial difference between a political leader and a legislator in chief. A leader shapes the national mood, changing outlooks and attitudes; a legislator focuses his message solely on Congress and then whines when he doesn't receive proper credit for all the bills he's passed. Clinton has made well over five hundred public appearances this year, and what do voters remember? His answer to the hottest voter-baiting question: "This is what narrowing to the Congress gets you."

Clinton can be a stirring presidential orator (the Memphis speech) but only if he has something worthy to say. "The difficulty is that the administration has been so preoccupied, circumspect, Phil Lady, a deputy White House chief of staff. "The President's everyday journeyman speech making has been to promote a legislative program." In her 10-day address in France, Clinton told the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize, "We are the children of your sacrifice. A great time for us here at home publicizing national service or preaching individual responsibility. But the President dropped it cold—it didn't fit his single-minded health care mission. There's been nothing but welfare economics news for the last six months," says one of the shrewdest political analysts in the White House. "But what's the President been selling about? Not the economy, not aid. It's all been health care."

For those of us who naughtily cling to a vision of what a Clinton presidency might yet become, there are glimmers on the horizon. (Yes, an odd example of the triumph of hope over experience.) There are signs that Clinton has begun to rediscover the moral voice of the presidency, particularly in speeches to black audiences and in his national crusade against teen pregnancy. As it won in the coin pages, the magic word again is respect: why a term that brings you this preacher in Clinton as he applies it to crime, violence, and welfare.

No issue symbolizes Clinton's dilemma the tiger dilemma (the voters or the Democratic Congress?) as does Reinventing Government. REGO may be a sleep-inducing acronym, but as a means of thinking, Reinventing may be called. "[R]e has generated more progress than almost anyone—indeed, perhaps more than the movement theorists—imagined possible." Slashing bureaucracy is a potent way to remind voters that there is such a thing as a New Democrat, but until recently Clinton ignored REGO as thoroughly as he did old friends like Les Guter and the Thomasons. So why the long presidential silence? "It's easy," explains a White House aide. "The people who hate REGO the most are the House Democrats." So many subcommittee chairmen so little power.

BUT CLINTON, as we know is a congenial backslider. Without a powerful internal god, the President it almost seems to return to his old habits of accommodating the don't-ought-reduce-agony of the Democratic leaders in Congress. Which brings us back to the unlikely hero of this drama—Newt Gingrich. Clinton needs an ideological enemy to stiffen his spine, strengthen his resolve, and remind him that it is fine to make everyone your friend if you're peddling insurance, but not if you're trying to lead the country.

Make no mistake: an accident, Gingrich will make Clinton remember 1994 as a man of Happy Days. Gingrich himself will look like Jacob Jones compared with the right-wing in the GOP leadership class. Each new Republican vote will bring to close to democratic constitutional amendments mandating a balanced budget, term limits and (who knows?) mandatory home schooling. "If we were a majority," Gingrich says, "we would say to the President that there are things that we want to support, and there is no sense in you trying. There are also things that we're going to insist upon. And if you're going to veto them, that's your prerogative. Tough words. But a Republican Congress and a free market of the veto pen might do Clinton a world of good. He remembers, the last Democratic president to face a Republican majority on the Hill was Harry Truman. (Those guys were known as the Do Nothing Congress.)

At the end of our interview, Gingrich said, "While with me a bit. I have been around Congress long enough to know that those words really mean. You can ask me a few hard questions as I talk to my next appointment. So in the forests of the Capitol, surrounded by bad political strategy, I posed my final question: 'What are the odds that you'll be speaker?' Without missing a beat, Gingrich responded: 'The chances are two in five.' I looked incredulous, so Gingrich laid out his dream scenario: 'If we get thirty seats' he said, beginning with an optimistic projection "we'll be close enough to a majority to get a few Democrats to switch. And that will make for a very, very exciting six weeks between the election and the new Congress."

Newt, it's hard to admit, but I'm rooting for you. ■



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EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

Stanley Bing

Nitwits of the 1990s

To talk to a real person, press the # sign. I won't be there.

CALL ME Inebriate. I don't think I'm being too rough on myself. If I didn't admit it right up front, you'd end up at the same place, eventually—and with a lot less regard for me, if such a thing is possible. When all the facts are in, in other words, you're going to do your best to see me as a positive light and give up. That's as it should be.

Ten a ways, see? It happened over the course of the past eight months, at first slowly, then rampaging out of control.

ripping my formerly dignified and sophisticated personality to bloody shreds. Today we'll today I'm the guy you see on the street, chasing into a little plastic implement in an accelerated fashion like an alternately enraged and merry pyroclastic hot tire head seeing the air as if his ultrafast interface were the dead center of the cosmic eye of the universe, when in fact it is he were swallowed up by an open manhole, few would mourn and many would applaud. I'm the guy you see motoring down the highway a little erratically, and when you pull up yourself with my Volvo I go to find out what the hell is the matter with me; you see I am leaning back in my motorized leather seat, head lolling back, phone to my ear, chattering like a budgie while toding along at more than any miles an hour. I am never out of touch. I am always in reach. Electronic messaging is my life. And lately I find myself excited about something so unfeasible that

No. I'll tell you about this later. It wasn't long then that I was once just like you, a normal human being, if such a thing exists. Then I began to change—

whichever way to myself—ending up as the snotch you see at a smugly this afternoon yammering into his fat waxy Kirk from Fresno about niche marketing instead of drinking my own thoughts and coming to my own space. I see what I have become. I feel it acutely. But I am lost. There may still be time, however, for you. Let us, then, consider the path of this special disease—for surely it is a disease and therefore more to be feared than cured—that has tragically turned so many otherwise smooth, capable people into harbingers, boring punts who aspire homocidal urges to otherwise congenial innocents.

For me, I believe it began when I stopped rejecting voice mail. Voice mail, destroyer of jobs! Business man! harbinging to misery from the gates of interpersonal voice mail! die! And yes, you do not die.

One day, after years of resentment and resistance against the beast, I once again pushed the posted sign to an effort to speak to a real person, only to receive another recording urging me to try again. This happened several times, of course, until I finally was forced to leave a rather involved message of some importance on the idiot's voice mail. I did so and hung up, re-asserting one reason of a second too late that I had forgotten to rank his stupid impersonal organization. I had stopped fighting in some subconscious way about a week later. I found myself crunched over a small card that explained how to program my voice mail system. I have no idea how it got into my hands. I figured, what the hell, I'll read it. I found the procedure remarkably simple. It took me only three hours.

After a while, I found I was checking my voice mail more and more, opening the box with a little flutter in my runway, as if it could possibly contain the rare bauble of fame or wealth—or surprise, at least. Small, venerable friendships developed, with people for whom the confluence of two souls in the electronic ether provides a level of emotional comfort that allows some genuine intimacy.

Then there was my message. First, I made do with the "Hello, you have reached the Centrosses voice mail



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Apparel and accessories made in Italy are designed to appeal to discriminating men and women who demand the finest, know the difference, and are not willing to compromise. In every facet of menswear and womenswear, from formalwear to sportswear, knitwear to footwear, as well as in leather goods and accessories, the "Made in Italy" stamp is a guarantee of incomparable quality and masterful craftsmanship.

MODA MADE IN ITALY



Top to bottom: Emilio Pucci. Men's evening dress, Spring/Summer 1988 collection. Silk fabric printed with "Onda" design and embroidered with Swarovski crystals. Emilio Pucci. Women's dress, Spring/Summer 1988 collection. Silk fabric. Emilio Pucci. Women's dress, Spring/Summer 1988 collection. Silk fabric. Emilio Pucci. Women's dress, Spring/Summer 1988 collection. Silk fabric. Emilio Pucci. Women's dress, Spring/Summer 1988 collection. Silk fabric.



Men's and women's fashions shown here are made in Italy and are available at Saks Fifth Avenue

THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

Fall of the Legends

Killing off our sports heroes has become the true American pastime

THE MOST REMARKABLE cheers in sports this year did not come from an arena. They came from the side of a freeway in Los Angeles, from the people who applauded O.J. Simpson as he rode, gun to his head, in the back of a white Ford Bronco, a stream of police cars not far behind. Go, O.J.—go!

Once it was common—the most normal thing in the world—to see the stars of sports up on pedestals. Now the national pastime seems to be watching them fall one after another.

The memorable moments in sports no longer catch our breath running for a touchdown or Barry Bonds at the plate, another baseball on its way out of the park. They show Simpson's mug shot or Mike Tyson in handcuffs or Magic Johnson announcing his retirement from basketball because he has contracted the AIDS virus after years of promiscuity. You can put Michael Jordan on the most famous athlete in the world, on the last two Jordan in commercials on national television, advertising allegations of million-dollar gambling losses Jordan on the golf course, waging a thousand dollars per hole, Jordan on ESPN's SportsCenter about every night of the summer, sucking out a Double A baseball player struggling to hit .300.

We are not talking about real heroes here, politicians or farmers or soldiers fighting for something important. The great heroes of sports are more like those of movies or fiction. They are larger than life. In a way, Babe Ruth was no more real than Bowdler. But now, forty years after Ruth's death, even the idea of the sports hero in this country is dead, as dead as the Green of the Week in baseball or the Friday Night Fights dead at the Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field. The



Where have you gone, Y.A. Tittle? There was a time when giants roamed the playing fields.

lot of coaches in long and stoned, from blue collar chain-punch Pete Rose to Hall of Fame ace Steve Carlton. In 1994 alone, Dwight Gooden, the most lustrous baseball pitcher since Sandy Koufax, tested positive for drugs (his second offense), Darryl Strawberry, one of Gooden's closest friends, checked himself into rehab (his second visit). Scottie Pippen refused to take the court in an NBA playoff game Jack Nicklaus served up a few unseasoned thoughts on race and golf. Tonya Harding, one of America's darling figure skaters, looked the other way while her husband planned an assault on her closest rival, and John Daly a golfer who came out of nowhere to win the PGA a few years ago, capturing the imagination of everyone who follows sports, updated his troubled history of alcohol abuse and domestic disputes to include a parking lot tussle with an elderly man.

Legends are not made by game footage or life size. They are born in memory and imagination and by word of mouth. Mickey Mantle is a legend. In his playing days and beyond, he was the kind of mythical hero that had been. He played the second half of his career on ruined knees, but he always seemed larger than life. Now the Mantle of legend, the Mantle of memory has been replaced by Mantle the mow-er, a to-be-his, a February graduate of the Barry Ford Clinic.

Looking frail and hesitant, more so than he has ever appeared to look, Mantle admitted this year that he had a drinking problem. After he returned from rehab, I sent a note to his New York hotel, asking him to look, telling him I was moving harder for him now than I ever did in a life. At the bottom of the note, I asked Mantle to give me a call. I thought I might write a column about his experience.

Later that night, I was watching the Yankees on television when the phone rang.

"Mantle?" I asked. "Hey, Mickey, thanks for calling."

There was a pause at the other end of the line, and then in a quiet voice Mantle said, "How'd you know it was me?"

If you grew up in Uptown New York in the Fifties and Sixties, I did—you roared for the Yankees, listened to them on the radio and watched them on televi-

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THE SPORTING LIFE

son, Mel Allen and Red Barber and Phil Rizzuto brought you the games. Marple was the sports hero. I tried to explain that to him. "If I don't know your voice by now," I said, letting the thought drift away, back toward the time when Marple hit those balls out of sight, the ones Mel Allen described as going, going, gone.

There was another pause. "Thanks for the note," Marple said.

I told him I meant it. "I get a lot of notes just like it these days," he said. "My mail is so different now you wouldn't believe it. You can't even call it fan mail anymore. It's more like letters from close friends. It's so unbelievable it touches my heart. It makes me cry."

Chris never did that.

There is no one thing that killed the American sports hero. Some got sick and some were crushed. Some got drunk and some got high. Some of them beat up women. And some blew it all on gambling. The only real culprit is, it seems, time. In a different age, Magic Johnson would have been able to screw himself into a coma and face no physical consequences. In another era of sports and life, Dennis Washington might not have had the courage to charge Mike Tyson with rape. Still, it's hard to imagine Roberto Clemente charging Hitler back for an autograph or Y.A. Tittle skipping camp to up his paycheck.

If our athletes have changed, it's because the landscape has changed. To day's players come to the big time with their wallets full and some preconceived idea of what a sports hero should be, how they should play things, and how they should be marketed. They are handed six million contracts when they leave college. You have to wonder how many of the heroes of the past could have taken that kind of hit and had the same career. Would it have gone as well for Willie Mays if he had been rich beyond imagination at the age of twenty? Or Jack Knerr? Or even Jack Nicklaus?

There is more to this than money, though. The fan has changed as well. He wants to know too much. And those of us in the media are only too willing to give him what he wants. With each passing year, it seems the fan gets closer to the field. He gets into the stadium, then

all the way into the locker room. And soon he discovers what I found out a long time ago: A seat in the stands is still the best seat in sports. The athletes may look small from high up in the stadium, but you can still make them out to be big. It's safe to assume, though, that Willie Mays' public relations would have been no better today than those of his golden Barry Bonds, who is known to be grumpy himself and once seriously at least in his dealings with the media—so be just a prick. And I do not believe Joe DiMaggio, one of the few enduring sports heroes, would have stood up to the day-to-day scrutiny that modern hallplayers face. He would not enjoy being stalked out by autograph hounds in a hotel lobby; he would not like having the reporters and talk-show producers who stalk today's stars.

It's true. Sports heroes have destroyed themselves, but we have helped them off the pedestal. We love their skills but hate the money they make. We demand that they reveal themselves, and then when we see them in their really are, we blame them for letting us down. That is why most fans react with such viciousness when one of their heroes turns out to be a drunk or an addict. We don't ever want to hear how rich these guys are. After all, they are rich and talented and, by God, they should know better.

The best chance an athlete has is to be someone from the past. Marple, who came from a time when sports heroes were real gods, was greeted as warmly as ever when he showed himself to the world as just another aging, beat-up old drunk. He was celebrated for his recovery from alcoholism at the very time that Gooden was vilified by the angry children of sports journalists for having the nerve to act like an addict.

When Marple and I spoke on the telephone, I told him that he might hear the biggest cheer of his life when he returned to Yankee Stadium for Old-timer's Day.

"If that is true," Marple said, "it would have to be some cheer, wouldn't it?"

As it turned out, the response he got was not the greatest of his life: just another one. They cheered Mickey Marple at Yankee Stadium because he is still around. In a time when the sports hero is dead, he is a survivor. ■



AMERICAN SCENE

Michael Angeli

Live, from D.C., Sonny Bono!



Ready to serve This month, Mr. Bono could go to Washington

No, really. Can you say Congressman Bono, babe?

SONNY BONO IS sitting idle and nervous outside House minority leader Bob Michel's office, trying at the best of his dark suit like a schoolboy at a cotillion. In a few minutes, Michel's doors will be thrown open, and Sonny will be ushered into a room crammed to the tusks with the GOP's ruling class, everyone there to discuss November's election. Michel will introduce Sonny at the party's nominee for Congress in California's forty-fourth district.

Never mind that Kefauver and Hansen are making history just down the hall, ending fifty years of hostility between In and Jordan. Never mind the hand-to-hand combat taking place on the Hill over health care, the crime bill, and White water. This is crunch time for Sonny Bono. He's passed through the vortex of the Capitol before, as a candidate for the Senate in '90 and it nearly sucked the life out of him. His campaign manager tells him he's got two percent name recognition in his state—but this isn't necessarily a good thing.

"Last time, they treated me like a joke here in our state," he confesses—a guy who's finally invited to the big

dinner but still isn't sure which table to use for the shrimp. This time, it is going to be very different.

THREE TIMES SONNY BONO is prepared. The day before there was the breakfast strategy session with his advisers.

"Here's a hypothesis!" Sam Hammond, who oversees PAC contributions, says, posing as a reporter and coaching Sonny. "I just got a fax from Steve Clute [Sonny's Democratic opponent] saying you're anti-NAFTA. How can that be?"

"Uh, well, is he pro NAFTA now? Cause he's been both sides," Sonny responds, the measured cadence of his speech countering an otherwise mercurial mind. "I think everyone understands that California can't be pro NAFTA."

"Why? Tell me why that is, Sonny," Hammond probes. "Everybody's view is that it wipes out their employment. Across the board."

"To the contrary," Eddie Mabe, Sonny's campaign strategist, breaks in. With his flatcap and pince-nez, you could place pension on, he has all the charm of a boxer's cut man. "To the contrary, all Republicans across the state went for a Jan. FYI before you say that, Sonny."

The former mayor of Palm Springs gets a little defensive now remembering that in his district, NAFTA is a bad issue.

"He asked why, and I'm telling you why," Sonny explains to Mabe.

"Yes, I understand, but I'm not playing now," Hammond explains, their cobbles together a low-bell sound but his delivery indicating that he expects Sonny to repeat it. "And as the congressman from the forty-fourth district, I have to represent the best interests of my constituents."

"Yeah, I do," Sonny says, nodding at the eyes of his telephone cuff links—probably rubies. Purple is really Sonny's color: back in Palm Springs, he just bought a Cadillac the shade of Loretta's vestments.

Sonny? Hammond pounces to let his smirk take hold, then. "Why are you gonna vote?"

"I'm gonna vote because I am," because I care about the public's welfare now. The mood of the country is that they have no faith in government whatsoever, and they feel I will represent them as a guy from the streets rather than a bureaucrat. The public is sick of professional politicians, and I am in this because I'm a workingman who filled out a payroll and would like to see things change."

Eddie, the cut man, interrupts his protégé again. "Sonny, you need to know that it's a Republican seat: traditionally, Bruce Herschenovitch carried it, the governor's carried it, Bush carried it. I'm going to carry it. And I'm going to tell you why I'm going to carry it." [continued on page 65]



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AMERICAN SCENE

Hammond rides here on the millionaire single now Steve Somers made so much money in the past, why would he settle for the relatively modest life of politics?

"I believe in the American dream and believe that things must and can be changed, and we can't stop fighting, and I'm here for that purpose." Coming from Somers, the bookkeeper answer is a surprisingly pessimistic, as though he's already figured out whether equals the real thing. Hammond, however, isn't pleased. He picks up the crutch of Somers' idealism and uses it as a club.

"No, no. I don't need a job. Steve Chase needs a job. I'm doing this because I care. I care about people in California. I've got a lovely wife," he gestures to Somers' wife, Mary, who's sitting next to him—"two kids who I love dearly, and I'm not doing this for myself. I'm doing it for the people of the district." Having won a gorgeous election of political coroner easily, Hammond comes back into his chair.

"And she's obviously your stamp speech," Eddie Male adds.

"Last thing," Hammond says, holding up a foreboding finger. "Somers, your polls say you're ahead by seven-point points. Steve Chase says the race is even. What do you have to say?"

"Well, the way this guy responds to everything is purely negative. His whole campaign is gonna be dismantling me."

Hammond shakes his head and shuts off the last speech.

"You know what? This town, it's made of this belief? They're animals. They want blood. They like to see people go for the throat. If in your conversation you can see 'Yes, here's a candidate who listed his occupation as unemployed.' Ham had a job in two years. He won't get a job unless he's elected. He could go out and find a job, but he's too busy. Ham here."

"Maybe we should jump on the fact that he doesn't have kids," says Mary. She's evidently more willing to pick up that staff than her husband.

"People are gonna want to know you slant him," says Hammond. "If you do, you'll be getting out around. They want to see you fight, Somers."

"Okay, okay," Somers acquiesces, as if he'd been asked in the name of the people to shut someone's noise. "So what you're saying is I don't have to be pol-

"Honestly. Take the gloves off." Under the hard glare of white shoes and the nearly silent of afternoon and coffee, Somers says a bit, perhaps being a little out of his depth with all this talk of political Moral Korban. That's okay. He could be made happy feeling out of place is something, at least, he can identify with, without the state of gross domestic product, general Republican tradition, or managed competition getting in the way. After all, he spent the better part of his life, nine years living precariously out of place, stepping over terrain has been by lawyers and co-wives.

It was across Salvatore Phillip Rano in Detroit, and the road to his home was literally paved with his blood, sweat, and tears—from the time he fell out of the car his father was driving to relocate the family in Los Angeles to the string of marital jobs he found there. (I would like to see him building the bridges that lead to Disneyland," he likes to recall.)

The greatest an aging began in high school, the big break came while he made meat deliveries to restaurants on Sunset Boulevard. The side trips he made to the record companies on the Strip to hawk his songs begged him a job working for Phil Spector. There was a marriage, a child, and a divorce in a time frame not much longer than the life span of a T-shirt record on the charts. Broadway and romance, Somers accepted an invitation for a double date from a budding, then spent most of the night watching the two women dance together. One of them, whom Somers would later describe in his autobiography, *And the Beat Goes On*, as "a hot-blooded paradox" was the future Cher wannabe, in vintage hair flower, and informal Madonna known as Cher.

Having just quit her job at Seel's Candies, sixteen-year-old Cher moved in with Somers as his housekeeper. They promptly fell in love, then roomed. Cher's first song, "Bangs, I Love You," a catchily rhythmic ballad, earned her the last of her down having to do with Cher's voice being so low that her present mistake for a man singing a love song to Bangs. A year later they were worth millions. The shaggy phenomena of Somers and Cher, their music body-capped with inner chords,

Dylan gag, and a sort of many charms, mood treatment to the pedal-driven "too philosophy of acceptance. There was Somers. With his hair ("Your haircut is almost Shakespearean," Jackie Kennedy observed, fumbling for something flatter, to say after the diet performed for her in New York), his ball-bonons, his limousine vomit, and his money affairs, he looked like a conch playing Bangs in the stage version of *Hill*. Then there was the engagement of Somers' eyes. Cher a confluence of first-generation bohemia, glam rock, and white trash.

"I only know five chords," Somers says now with a mixture of humility and pride, but as a songwriter, he put a pocketful of songs. In just three weeks after its 1965 release, "I Got You (I Feel Good)" sold three million copies and went straight to number one. Somers went further, salvaging the British invasion when the Searchers recorded "Needles and Pins," a song he cowrote for Jackie DeLoatch, while the Stones covered Somers's "Shout Up, Set Down."

Both Somers and Cher started spending money as a sport, and they were winners—they lost a fortune. Tony Curtis talked them into buying his mansions not once but twice. (The second one had fifty-four rooms.) They pumped thousands of their own money into the film *Chucky*, with Cher turning their donated one sheets using Cher's head superimposed on a bearded body to seduce people into the situation.

With Cher ending up as guitar pick material, we reach Somers and Cher the unplugged pair. Struggling to keep in orderless and Harley's the couple was forced to tour and play Vegas. There were misreporting incidents and by 1971, when CBS picked up *The Somers and Cher Comedy Hour*, their marriage was falling badly. Then Cher met record mogul David Geffen.

It was Geffen, according to Somers (who is almost as many pages wild-eyed), Geffen on *And the Beat Goes On* as there are pages devoted to Somers's love seven combined, who convinced Cher that she could be big without Somers.

"He's got his already some out of the closet, but then Cher's about a past sexual, so," Somers leaves the conclusion tactfully unfinished.

"I heard that guy because he came into what I thought was my family and



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my business. It took me eleven years to build it, and he just wiped me out. He's a brilliant businessman, but I'd rather be dead than be him. Here the only man I just don't like. I don't think I hate anyone, but I do not like him."

"It was totally unbelievable to me this Cher was that unhappy. It happened in a week's time. Visually, what they did was fine."

Demolished by Cher and show business, Sonny tried, with middling success, to rebuild himself as a combination restaurateur and politician. While Cher turned to blockbuster movies, dated rock stars, and had her arsefles tanned on her behind, Sonny opened and sold three restaurants, campaigned for lieutenant governor and baked out, not for the Senate and his big time, nor for mayor of Palm Springs and won—by a landslide. The best didn't go on—he just found a new one. And this time people didn't have to dance to it.

AMEIN with the fibbily mired strategy of the morning's meeting, Sonny has a late-afternoon interview with John Giza of *Human Events*. The weekly is a kind of *Rolling Stone* for those who see Dan Quayle as the Saint Sebastian of the Republican party, thank the cure for unemployment, do hard work, and put an end to it's not only your right but your duty to take your AK-47 and away a guy couple having sex on your lawn.

QUAY: Where does a Chase differ from a Bono?

SONNY: Clay. He's a consummate businessman. He's a professional politician. He's unemployed. He's a liberal. I'm a conservative. Probably if you look on the record, you'll see that he's voted on both sides of issues.

QUAY: How has Chase attacked you? Sonny: Credit-baby. I've made a lot of money. And I think that I've made a lot more money than he has. But I did it lagging beef and driving a truck and singing songs. So, conversely, I said he's lazy. And he got defen- sive about it.

HAMMOND: Tell John how you spend your Sundays, Sonny.

SONNY: I cook.

QUAY: Now. He's never lost his roots. Now, Sonny, you're Roman Catholic, right? The L.A. Times—

don't the expression—mentioned the Scientology thing.

SONNY: I openly studied Scientology on the degree that they did some courses on alchemy, and then they said you and I left. If you live that in America then we're really lost. It's like your kid. If you don't trust them to decide what they want to look at, and trust their values, then we're in trouble. The Scientology—there was no cult thing there.

QUAY [with a genuine scowl of agreement]: None. None. I love that quote where you say, "People are not as the guy next door, not someone who plays God all the time." We're all pulling for you here. But then I read the L.A. Times—again, if you peddle the expression.

SONNY: In my case, everyone seems to campaign on negativity instead of issues. So I don't get disheartened, because you're gonna see it again. And now that I'm a Republican, again they've got reason to go in and fire off a few rounds. It's hard for the media not to cheap that me. I'm like a strong duck, and it's gonna come, you know.

IT'S THE MORNING before the crucial Michalek meeting, and Sonny and company are on a shutdown run on the Hill, doing one-on-one with staffers before the big show. Today, the disabled are pulsating Capitol Hill, and the D.C. cops look poised for trouble, each with a string of disposable handcuffs/tear collars hanging at his side, ready to pounce on the legions. Wading through the wheelchairs, Sonny dodges slightly, like a shooting gallery mollard pulled by a rusty chain and a bad motor, the undercarriage cut by his three pace clanking with his wife's smart maneuver.

Printer-handled News Gorchich, brimming with Georgian charm, and a sense of entitlement, that could make a baller, walks us into his office.

"There he is"—Gorchich clutches the nape of Sonny's neck—"our name now. Talk about pressure—that guy's out of commission points. How 'bout that? We're glad to have you here."

There is indecipherable small talk most of a about Sonny and Mary's two children, Chastain and Chastain.

"When your kids get slightly older, I have dinosaur stuff here," Gorchich says, winking as he mimes for an aide to remove something.

"Our kids love dinosaurs, bought them two last night," says Sonny, who handles himself well here, despite no mention of prehistoric animals at the strategy meeting. The aide returns with the can of a real dinosaur tooth that is a passed around, looks like a prop in a Linda Lovelace movie.

"You're one of the seats we're counting on," the secretary wags sops with great gravity as the tooth is passed to Sonny.

Deep into the Capitol, on the way to drop in on fellow Californian Michael Michalek, Sonny is recognized by a contingent of Japanese tourists, and a forest of pen spins up. As he signs autographs and someone videotapes his bedside, a political assistant grunts him with a Saturday-morning grin, and a little country advice: Don't give it by looking at real cows. You're here.

"Don't worry. I will never be so preoccupied," Sonny swears, although coming face-to-face with the actual polished doors, the unrelaxing copies of *The Congressional Record* stacked everywhere, and briefing air where egotism is a communicable virus—all this has to test his humility.

"I'll tell you what," he says, stepping into an elevator. "It's thrilling. Michalek's not in his office, but just as we enter, there he is, on TV, peering around the open window of Whitehouse. The trust they have in the federal government has once again been broken. We're going to find out who's responsible." Michalek says Sonny casually discusses the hearings with Michalek aide, the subject being Josh Sestan's infamous diary.

"Don't overheat it down," Sonny says, thinking he wrote "Nixon wrote the book on that." I don't know why these guys have the kind of cap where they have to need everything they say.

WHERE ARE SOME, in the mind of any God fearing cannibal, walked inside, at the end of the earth—Bob Dale's strong room.

"You remember Mary," Sonny says, introducing his wife.

"I sure do," says Senator Dale, breezing in with his measure running a little too rich on enthusiasm, as though he'd gotten out of a session with his lo-

cal prior or hadn't thought to come across and cranky just yet. "And who's that? Your mother or your brother?" Sonny introduces me and explains my presence, which elicits a response from Dale as dry as the hills of Malibu in August.

"Damon magazine. Oh, that's good. That's real good. Now, how's the election going?"

"Oh, well, the guy is a liar." Sonny perhaps a little overwhelmed, then dons the rehearsal game plan. "He's a real liberal. He'll say anything so I gotta stick him on the record. He's as oily as he can be. He's got both sides of illegal shenanigans." Losing his bearings, Sonny turns to his campaign manager Brian Nease.

"Brian, what was he on both sides of that we caught him on?"

"Everything," Brian deadpans, cracking up the whole room.

"Well," Dale says, peering Sonny's hand, "I could never begin to figure out why you'd wanna come back here, but if you do, I wanna." He drifts off for a punchline that, for once, escapes him.

"It would upset me to see three

kinds of people continue," Sonny observes. The seriousness of this remark seems momentarily to imbue every one's gravity until Dale himself comes to the scene.

"Well, well, well. Had him. Dale's on, then, makes some vague noise about coming to California before the election. "But your campaign manager never thought of that, huh?"

"No." Sonny pauses, evidently musing Dale's incoherence. "We had Gephart over there earlier."

"Well, you got Clinton out there, you've gotten worse by a landslide."

Then Nease's disapproval seems the discussion on the direction of money, relaying the impression of the Senator for Congress offices to raise two million by this fall.

"Well, here," the senator says as he hands Sonny an envelope, "now you only have to raise two million more."

"Run for president," someone calls out to Dale who's leaving the room.

"Every country oughta have one," he barks back, exploding once and for all the myth that Kansans have no sense of timing.

SONNY STANDS ALONE NOW, SEEMINGLY in his reflection in the glass hallway of Michalek's doors. Perhaps he was just overreacting to him—after all, more of them over short on purpose and decency, though maybe a few were short on taste. Perhaps he just the future. If he truly believes that the function of government is simply to serve the people and that he's just a tool to that end—well, then, the good people of California could do worse than send Sonny to Washington.

Fixing the whereabouts to pump himself up, he looks as driven as a temporary self-hardened, fire-treated body. The doors open with a squeak, then a rush of glacial commotion.

"Let's bring him in here," Sonny. Bob Michalek walks him. "Sonny, Bono come on in to here." Once inside, Sonny gets not just a standing ovation, there is a sound to this applause both wholeheartedly ardent and unfettered as if someone had recognized a brilliant musical performance, a solo that others up until now had missed. Sonny is in the building. Go on, say it. Congressman Bono is.



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Inflated Expectations

When you choose an investment, fear of inflation can lead you astray—in more ways than one

I ADMIT IT—when it comes to art, I won't know a Guggenheim from a grapefruit. But when it comes to investing, I do know this much: You're better off if you pay \$10,000 for a thirty-year U.S. Treasury bond, frame it, and hang it in your living room than if you buy an "investment grade" etching by Rembrandt in the hope that it will someday make you rich.

That, at least, was my reaction to an art auction I attended not long ago. There, works of art ranging from old masters to contemporary pieces were gobbled down by a Michigan outfit called Park West Gallery, which conducts auctions in more than one hundred cities around the country annually. Park West's boss proclaimed that we should feel comfortable bidding for its offerings because they are secure to me dramatically in value.

I didn't feel comfortable at all. In fact the offer got me thinking about just how Park West's "inflation hedge" pitch was really nothing more than what my grandfather used to know: There should be a gold mine I would apply to the entire "investment art" industry, which will tell you the moon but never offer to buy a back. Like bad marriage and penny stocks, investment-grade art usually turns out to be a lot easier to get into than out of.

So how does one go about getting people to wrap out four- and five-digit checks for such art? Park West's answer apparently is to hedge.

Bull Market in Bonds

A \$10,000, 34 percent U.S. Treasury bought in 1972 has a market value of nearly \$45,000 today. Amazing interest reinvestment at an average of 6.52 percent. It has also returned roughly \$26,000 in interest.

Art buyers with appetites by Park West experts suggesting that the art is really worth four to five times what it's likely to sell for at the auction.

Are the appraisals realistic? I asked Sotheby's to check the appraised values of several works at the auction. It is needed against the prices the same works fetched at recent public auctions. Here are two examples of what I found:

► An etching by Marc Chagall, *Dance at Aboulin*, carried an appraised value of \$11,500 and was sold for \$4,000 to a bidder who doubted thoughts he got a steal. But the same image was auctioned off at Sotheby's in London in 1979 for \$12,154 and five years later in Los Angeles for a mere \$1,900.

► A Picasso etching, *Portrait de Mlle. B.*, was appraised at \$20,000 and withdrawn by the auctioneer unasked when the highest bid was only \$5,000. In fact, the bidder was luckier than he knew, for the same image was sold by Sotheby's in New York in 1990 for \$4,125 and in London in 1991 for \$1,577.

Park West's use of appraisals offers a warning not just about the investment art market but more generally about the risks inherent in all "illiquid" markets. First, you overpay, then you can't sell!

By contrast, the \$1 trillion market for U.S. Treasury bonds moves and bids as far and away the biggest and most liquid financial market in earth and for constant investors, it has an undeniable appeal to the investor.

Through the constant on Wall Street seems to be that the bond market is in a long-term bear market slide. Bonds may actually be at one of those rare points when real money can be made with relatively little risk.

The bond market is admittedly much more volatile these days than it was fifteen or twenty years ago, but it's still a vastly more subdued place than the stock market. A study by Bridgewater Associates, one of the nation's leading bond management firms, shows that prices of Treasury bonds bought around only about half as much as share prices of even the largest blue chip stocks on Wall Street.



Source: U.S. Treasury Department



Cold

By now, most brewers have figured out that beer and "cold" go hand in hand. Still, we're the only ones who bother to ship their beer cold in refrigerated trucks, or to keep it in refrigerated warehouses. Heck, in the mountains our brew water even comes out of the ground cold. So, while the others have been warming to the idea of cold, up here we're kind of stuck with it.

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Nonetheless, even the bond market can wind up in need of a correction. When that happens, big money can be made. Such an opportunity arose in 1981 and 1982, when investors fruitfully realized that Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker would succeed in fighting inflation. When inflation goes down, interest rates decline and bond prices go up. Anticipating just that, investors reacted by unleashing a bond-buying frenzy that produced the biggest bond market rally of the twentieth century. Now, on a more modest

scale, another buying opportunity may be at hand.

During the past year, long-term bond prices have fallen by close to 15 percent as interest on new thirty-year Treasuries has risen past 7 1/4 percent on the widespread belief that inflation is about to heat up. That's why thirty-year Treasury bonds that were issued in August 1982—the very peak of the nearly decade long inflation—and that carry a 9 1/4 percent coupon (meaning they pay out 25 in interest annually for each 100 of face value) are

asking for little more than eighty-five cents on the dollar.

Bonds are selling at current levels because Wall Street investors are in a dither about the fact that inflation remains subdued by historical standards and that there is no credible evidence it's about to take off again. Meanwhile, the Fed has usually been forcing up short-term rates (Treasury bills that mature in less than a year's time) to ensure that inflation doesn't flare up. That in turn suggests to a shrewd player that the economy will soon be weakening, that demand for credit will ease, and that all interest rates will begin to decline. When that happens, bond prices will rise once again. In fact, even if the Fed pushes down on rates to ensure continued economic growth, inflation-wary investors will at most certainly sell long-term bonds in a panic, rates will move back up a bit, and that alone will choke off growth and start rates heading down again.

What bond to buy? Well, you can ask your broker to buy you one at the next Treasury refunding in which case you'll pay one hundred cents on the dollar for a bond carrying a coupon precisely equal to prevailing long-term interest rates. Or you can pick up the morning paper and look down the U.S. Treasury bond tables until you see a bond that is selling at a discount from its face value—like that 6 1/4 percent just mentioned—and buy that instead. If you do, you'll get a bond that sells for less than its face value to make up for the lower coupon it carries. Whichever bond you choose, your "yield to maturity" will be the same, the only difference will be that the "par value" bond will give you more interest up front, whereas the "discount" bond will give you less up front but something on the back end.

Okay, I hear you asking, what happens if, for some perverse reason, interest rates actually go up instead of down? In that case, you're still better off in the bond market than in some other avenue. After all, you can pick up the newspaper, turn to the business pages, and see exactly what your bond is worth right to the penny, on that very day. Armed with that knowledge, you can take your bond off the wall, give it to your broker and sell it—no appraisal needed. Try that with your investment guide at 10.

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Robertson has launched a campaign to portray his critics as anti-Christian bigots. "We are victims," he has said.



Esquire

Jesus made him rich. The Christian Coalition made him powerful. And now he wants to lay hands on the next president of the United States.

Pat Robertson's God, Inc.

By John Taylor

IT WAS NOON, which meant it was time for the daily prayer meeting at the Christian Broadcasting Network. These meetings are held in the CBN television studio and escape for the technicians monitoring the broadcast equipment, all members of the staff are required to attend. When Pat Robertson had just returned from a religious retreat, there was on this particular day, a stir of anticipation in the crowded room.

Robertson, dressed as always in a suit and tie, but with his cowboy boots protruding a subtle island statement, stood at the front of the studio's main set. He is a tall, powerfully built man, handsome despite his pig ears, short neck, and a certain Newt-like hunch to his shoulders. While the things he says may at times seem harsh, bawling, even derisive, Robertson himself has a gentle and comforting manner. He does not walk of the outer park. His background, to the con-

trary, is aristocratic. He speaks in the soft cadences of the Virginia gentleman.

"Each year, at least for the last decade, I have said to the Lord, 'What kind of year is it going to be?'" Robertson, in describing the pattern of his retreats, told the assembled employees. "Each year, the Lord has said to me, 'It's going to be a good year for the world.'"

But on this last retreat, Robertson continued, the nature of the message changed. "I asked the Lord, 'What about this year? And I didn't get the same answer. I got a different answer. And he said, 'It will be a year of sorrow and bloodshed that will not end soon, for the world is being torn apart, and my kingdom shall rise from the ruins of it.'"

But Robertson assured his followers that they had no reason to fear. God had said he would let them know when the world would end. Absent any warning, no event, regardless of how cataclysmic, should be deemed apocalyptic. One morning in the early Seventies, Robert-



The Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed once spoke of "machiavellian tactics and guerrilla warfare." Luckily, he's been trying to moderate his image.

accomplishes it is through largesse. "If you are in financial trouble, the surest thing you can do is start giving money away," Robertson has said.

And so money from the rich and the poor, the troubled and the happy, the thankful and the desperate, flows into the CBN offices at the rate roughly of six quads a day or so now an hour. According to Gerard Soehnle, a former producer for Robertson who wrote the book *Satan's for Sale*, "We had a small, unmarked, guarded warehouse near our headquarters that received the daily donations that poured into Virginia Beach from all over the world. The volume of mail went to overwhelming that the post office had assigned us our own ZIP code. The logs of money, both cash and checks, were charged onto a computer link that carried in printed-out dozens of people who opened every letter."

INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, there is no church on the CBN campus. Although Robertson is a member of the Presbyterian-South Baptist Church, he has not attended in years. "It is boring. I didn't enjoy going there," he told an interviewer in 1979. How, about that? But there is no questioning Robertson's religious devotion. He studies the Bible every morning for an hour, prays daily and regularly converses with God (in his accounts of these conversations a distinct divine personality emerges). Robertson's God is a disbelievable, unshakable possessor of a certain very crude, life-as-it-is currently canny God. Robertson says in his autobiography, *Shout It from the Mountains*, tell him how much to pay for the small delicate television station in Portsmouth, Virginia, with which he began his utopianism: "Lord, I heard myself praying, if you want me to take over that station, tell me how much it will cost." Immediately a figure came to mind. It was \$750,000. In 1969, when Robertson was negotiating the purchase of new television equipment, an RCA executive named Ted Tracy told him how much he could spend.

"I wanted, then, the Lord spoke, Don't go over to 5 million."

"Ed, I said, my top limit is to 5 million."—
According to a 1984 Gallup poll, 65 percent of Americans

have such conversations with God on a regular basis. And a semi safe to say they are represented disproportionately on the CBN campus. Employees of CBN and Regent University, who can be heard praying aloud in the small, private rooms found in many of the buildings, are required to be not just Christians but born-again Christians. And although the Founders list is a far from perfect operation and, therefore, in the view of some, should be prohibited from using discriminatory hiring practices, as job applications form also candidates to "briefly state your Christian testimony." The testimony should include according to the form: "(1) My life before receiving Christ; (2) How I became aware of my need for Christ; (3) How I came to Christ; (4) My life since receiving Christ."

Most of those who work on the CBN campus are Pentecostals. They believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible, it includes, and in speaking in tongues. Robertson has described how, while praying fervently after his son Tim had recovered from a fever, "I became aware my speech was garbled. I was speaking in another language. Something deep within me had been given a voice, and the Holy Spirit had supplied the words. 'I was aware of the sounds, but they were not of my own creation. It sounded more like some kind of African dialect.'"

A case can be made that the capacity for this sort of intense, religious experience—a conversion, as one William James phrase, in "the valley of the universe"—is genuine. Natural selection would favor those born with a greater predisposition than toward religious emotions, since such emotions would make them less likely to despair in the face of adversity or pain. And intense religious conviction is a Robertson family trait.

Robertson was raised in Lexington, a quiet, graceful town in the mountains of Virginia. His father was Senator A. Willis Robertson, who chaired the Senate Banking Committee in the States Both Party's grandfathers, however, were women and his mother, Gladys, was so devout that his wife, Dede, usually regarded her as a "religious fanatic."

As a child, Robertson showed no signs of a religious temperament. Going to church was, he puts it, "personally social, not spiritual" and he stopped when he left home,

first to attend a military prep school, then to attend Washington and Lee University, then, in 1959, to serve with the Marines in Korea.

Robertson had his share of fun during those years. Paul Freeman, a marine buddy who later became a professor at Talbot University, had to do a sworn deposition that while in Korea, Robertson "treated around with meanness" and once put "two screws to death, he had got away." Robertson has always denied Freeman's charges, but he has acknowledged that he indulged in "wine, women, and song" before "Jesus Christ came into my life."

When his military tour was over, Robertson enrolled in Yale Law School, but after graduating he failed the bar exam and with some friends started a small company that produced electronic components. His mother, a lonely woman who remained in Lexington while her husband was in Washington, wrote Robertson "long, involved and often preachy letters" as God "I loved the letters said," he confesses.

Eventually, his mother persuaded him to have dinner with Cornelius Vanderbruggen, a wealthy Philadelphia entrepreneur. During that meal, while hearing a toll at his door, Vanderbruggen gave him his faith. Robertson first interpreted God as a vivid presence. The next day, he threw away the Modigliani nude that hung in his living room, poured all the whiskey down the drain—Dede, who liked a drink herself, drank unconsciously to do that—and set out to become a minister.

DEDÉ, A ROMAN CATHOLIC from Ohio who as first either disrupted by his father in his husband's life. "I don't mind you going into the ministry, but all this 'hallelu' stuff is too much for me," she told him. Particularly disturbing to her was her husband's insistence that if he felt God was telling him to do something, he had no choice but to obey, regardless of any consequences or proposition the command might seem. When the Robertson had one small child and Dede was seven months pregnant, he decided to spend a month on a religious retreat in Canada. His wife begged him not to go. "It just isn't normal for a man to walk out on his wife and leave her with a small child when she's expecting a baby any minute—while he goes off into the woods to talk to God," she told him. "God doesn't tell people to do things like this. At least, my God doesn't."

"This is God who's commanding me," Robertson explained. "I have no choice." At the camp, Robertson received a letter from his wife. "Please come back," she wrote. "I need you desperately." Robertson prayed for help, then opened the Bible at random. He interpreted the passage that caught his eye as a sign that he should say, "I can't leave," he wrote to his wife. "God will take care of you."

A couple of years later, while Dede was visiting her family in Ohio, Robertson, who had just graduated from the seminary, prayed to God for guidance about his future, then opened the Bible. It came across this passage in Luke: "Sell all that ye have and give unto the poor. The next day without in forming, much less consulting, his wife, he sold all their furniture and moved into a parsonage on the Bedford-Sweetwater streets of Brooklyn. "Oh, Pat, what have you done this time?" Dede sobbed when she found out.

At that point, Dede believed Robertson had become a fanatic. "I recognize schizoid tendencies when I see them, and I think you're sick," she told him. She herself refused to

submit to religious discipline. One day, when the Robertsons were still living in the Red House parsonage, the "passioning elite" ordered everyone to take a bath. "I have a will of my own," Dede replied. "I'm not one of your slaves."

Dede's rebellion bothered her. Robertson concedes that eventually, she expressed a "willingness to submit herself to my spiritual leadership," and he would one night go to find her looking at the foot of the bed and clanking inconspicuously. "I sounded like Francis—but I knew it was wrong—and I knew she was praying the Lord." His wife had become as much of a "religious nut" as she had previously believed him to be. And her willful disobedience vanished.

FROM THE BEGINNING, Robertson's father had been highly scornful of his son's plans for a television ministry. To his surprise, it became so successful that his son was actually in a position to help him during his 1980 reelection campaign. But Pat, who had been angry by his father's ridicule, did nothing. God, he said, forbade it, because although his father had an endless church Jesus Christ was not for him, that all concerned, he figure that he should be. "I felt I could have helped my father, but the Lord wouldn't let me do it." The sonner lost the race by slightly more than six hundred votes. "I know my father's defeat was of the Lord, for his soul was far more important than his success in Washington."

In the first edition of his autobiography, which came out in 1979, Robertson wrote that God had told him, "You cannot be successful in politics for the success of any political candidate." But when Robertson resumed the book during his 1980 presidential campaign, the line had been taken out. God had come to favor political involvement. "I have made this decision [to run] in response to the clear and distinct prompting of the Lord's spirit," Robertson said in 1980. "I know that is the way that I must proceed."

Spending an million, Robertson beat George Bush in the Iowa caucus has placed fourth on Super Tuesday. His campaign had been dogged by the charge from former congressman Pat McCloskey, a decorated Korean War veteran, that Robertson had used his father's influence to avoid combat. While he admitted his decision to run to God, he explained his withdrawal from the race in more secular terms. "Politics is not fun. CBN is fun," he told one reporter.

Robertson's presidential bid in 1989 was the one disaster in a career otherwise defined by shrewdly successful calculations. It also derailed CBN. The number of households watching The 700 Club, which Tim Robertson had hosted while his father was in the White House, had fallen from more than 10 million to 4 million. CBN had to cut its budget by 150 million and lay off 6,000 workers. When Robertson resumed the program of around 20 percent to 40 percent.

The last eighteen was a confusing period for Robertson for other reasons as well. To put it simply, events played havoc with his understanding of the global conspiracy. R.J. Ransohoff, a Christian theologian more conservative than Pat Robertson, has written, "The view of history as a conspiracy is a basic aspect of the perspective of orthodox Christianity." Gary North, member conservative Christian minister, explains that "Satan's supernatural conspiracy is the conspiracy of all other visible conspiracies are merely workings of this supernatural conspiracy."

Robertson has always shared this view of history as historic conspiracy. For years, he considered Communism the primary satanic force on the global scene. In 1960, he prophesied a war, possibly nuclear, within a few years between the Soviet Union and the United States in the Middle East. It would, he had forecast, destroy the oil fields and cause worldwide economic collapse. When the Communist regimes in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe disintegrated in a relatively peaceful manner, he stated that scenario

HE NEEDED A NEW ONE, and George Bush's call for a "new world order" in the aftermath of the 1991 Gulf war provided it. The following year, Robertson published his book, *The New World Order*, in which he mixed the phrase in the eighteenth century Order of the Illuminati. The secret society of "satana and sorcerers" was converted to the "elemental world leader ship of a group of handpicked 'sleazebags' or 'thousand eyes'."

The Illuminati, Robertson explained, went on to pervert the Islamic order and the Rothschild banking family, provoke the French Revolution, inspire Karl Marx, and arrange the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Today, Robertson writes, the Illuminati control everything from the Council on Foreign Relations and the Federal Reserve Bank to the newsgroup movement. "Robertson reminds me of no one so much as Lyndon LaRouche," says Edmund Cohen, author of *The Mind of the Bible's Author*.

Indeed, in perhaps *The New World Order's* most extraordinary passage, Robertson writes: "It may well be that one of goodwill like Woodrow Wilson, Jimmy Carter and George Bush who sincerely want a larger community of nations living in peace in our world, are unwittingly carrying out the release and unleashing the phantoms of a tightly long chain whose goal is nothing less than a new order for the human race under the domination of Lucifer and his followers."

In the book, Robertson also foretells economic chaos, a prophecy he repeated this year in his newsletter, "For Robertson's Prophecies," producing a "debt trap" in 1991. The country, he warned, would see "stock values collapse, bonds lose value, weak companies go out of business," "increasingly enough at the same time be making those false predictions, he next planning an initial public offering of his own company—an offering that would assure him a breathtaking fortune."

Robertson, who is nothing if not transparent, sounded

Robertson's Christiane pillars could be Don Quayle's salvation in '96.



the Family Channel in 1977 as a division of CBN. The first basic cable television network was created by satellite, as its primary purpose was to bring Robertson's religious programming to a national market. To fill in the remaining time, it also broadcast old family-oriented movies and television programs like *Family Kneels First* and *The Witness*. By 1989, the Family Channel had become so profitable that a threatened CBN's exit meant ruin.

By that year, Robertson, his son Tim, and John Malone, the founder of Time Communications, Inc., the country's largest cable operator, undertook a classic leveraged buyout of the Family Channel. Malone put up \$45 million, Robertson and his son invested a total of \$10.5 million, and their shell corporation raised CBN \$10 million in convertible debt. [Robertson] actually approached us," Malone said in testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee last year. "He said, 'If you'll make an investment in my channel, I'll be able to restructure it, take it out of the church, pay the church for the channel and return the format.'"

Just how good a deal this was for the Robertsons can be seen from the fact that in the LBO they bought 1.5 million shares of a special variety of the company's common stock for 2 cents a share. At the subsequent public offering in 1990, the stock was valued at fifteen dollars a share. The very year that Robertson had prophesied upheaval in the stock market, he and his son converted their \$10.5 million in venture into shares of stock worth \$40 million.

Robertson vigorously defends the deal. But critics have complained that using charitable contributions made to a tax-exempt organization to create a profit-making enterprise and then selling that enterprise to yourself is, while legal, hardly unorthodox. In introducing a bill last year that would, as he put it, restrict such "self-dealing," California congressman Pete Stark attacked the Robertson LBO saying, "Assets accumulated by organizations enjoying tax exempt status are being raided through certain business transactions."

IN THE HALL OF JESSE, Ralph Reed, a former political organizer for Jesse Helms, was working as the director of the Christian Coalition. Helms was in the midst of a tight race to retain his Senate seat. Reed had access to tracking polls that shortly before the election showed the senator eight points down. "He called me up and said, 'We've got to kick into action,'" Reed later told a reporter.

Within five days the Christian Coalition had made 30,000 phone calls and distributed some 750,000 voter guides—supposedly nonpartisan pamphlets indicating the candidates' positions on a variety of issues. Many of the pamphlets were placed on the windshields of cars parked in church lots during services. Helms won by a hundred thousand votes. "The point had no idea what we were doing," Julie Haynes, the coalition's southern regional director, said at the time. "But it worked."

Robertson joined the coalition in 1989 from the lists of people who had supported his presidential bid. In fact, out to take control of the Republican party "precisely by pactant," as Reed would say. At the same time, having learned from all that many voters recoiled from candidates openly espousing a Christian agenda, coalition members met for school boards and city councils from New York to California without revealing their true affiliation. "As Republicans or clerics, never mention the name Christian Coalition," declared

a handbook put out by the coalition's Pennsylvania chapter.

The Illuminati-like approach to secretly securing control worked at first. With little public notice, sixty anti-gay conservatives won seats on local offices in five days in 1990. "It's like guerrilla warfare," Reed explained in a reporter.

But once in power, the Christian Coalition candidates in San Diego revealed their true agenda—creation science in the classroom, abstinence-based sex education—and in a revolt the Christian right lost forty-one of forty-two local races two years later. Like the narrowly secular wing of the Christian Coalition, guerrilla warfare had its limits.

So Robertson abandoned both. At the same time, he launched a campaign to portray all criticism of him as the product of "anti-Christian bigotry." "We are the victims of some slander, and ridicule," he has written. "Soon, I fear, without God's intercession, our protests may seem intolerant. When that happens and a will we can expect the same treatment that the Jews experienced in Nazi Germany." In other words, it's the Christians themselves who are threatened by oppression, not those with whom they differ.

MEL WHITE, takes a somewhat different view. White, the dean of the Metropolitan Community Church in Dallas, ghostwrote Robertson's 1996 campaign book, and came to know him fairly well. What is both an evangelical Christian and a homosexual. For years, he fought against his sexual orientation. Finally he decided to accept it, and last spring published the story of his life, *Stranger in the Glim*.

In talks interviews during his book tour, the hosts of the show frequently invited a member of the Christian Coalition to appear to counter White's views. Time and again, when the question of the Christian position on his homosexuality was raised, the coalition member contorted himself to hold the belief that homosexuality was not only to be punished with death, "This acknowledgment was always made more in sadness than in anger. But the punishment was stipulated in the Bible, in Leviticus 24:17—"A man also he with mankind as he be with a woman: both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death"—and some biblical commandments express the will of God; they must be obeyed. Just who was to do the punishing? "That's for the civil authorities," one man told White. "That's why we need to elect more good men of God."

Robertson himself has never actually addressed killing homosexuals. But he has spoken on the subject.

"You've got a country filled with homosexuals, people

"YOU'VE GOT A country filled with drunkenness, fornication, addiction, crime, and violence. What are you going to do with these people, kill them all?"



CBN: The Pentagon in Robertson's memoir.

dating Freud, practicing, even Jesus himself to examine his own sins, to try to mold his own consciences."

While Mel White is cheered by the political revolution Robertson has built, Bill Clinton and his aides hope the tel-evangelist does not run for president. When a report by *Christianity Today's* pollster Stanley Greenberg was leaked to *The New York Times* in August, most of the attention was focused on his recommendation that congressional Democrats could fare better in the mid-term elections by distancing themselves from Clinton. But just as interesting was that a greater number of those polled were more worried about the religious right than they were about any particular "anti-family" legislation the Democrats might push through.

As this suggests, the Christian Coalition may well lose control of the Republican party only to conform it to the sort of national marginalization the McGovern delegates inflicted on the Democratic party in 1972. The agnosticism that makes Robertson so appealing to his narrow (if political) by significant following a precisely what makes him so distasteful to the larger public. But, in the paradox that defines his political position, to the extent that he dilutes his message to expand his appeal, he risks alienating his core. Like a desert man, Robertson and the religious right have longed for a distant but arid meadow as they are approached. Forever threatening but forever peripheral, they may well be in political terms, condemned to an eternity of becoming. ■

who are living together outside of wedlock, who are engaged in drunkenness, fornication, drug addiction, crime, and violence." He said it that 1986 prayer meeting. "Now what are you going to do with these people?" Robertson paused. "Are you going to kill them all?"

He chuckled lightly at this notion, then continued. "Are you going to pay them in jail? How are you going to rid the nation of sinners?"

As this notion of "eliminating agnosticism" suggests, Robertson, for all his talk of Christians and Jews, seems more drawn to the Old Testament than the New. His God is the wrathful violent God of the tribes of Israel, one perpetually enraged over the abominable behavior of his disobedient children, one always on the verge of destroying them all.

Robertson himself stepped in the obscure books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, hungry for signs and prophecies, revelation, him, for all his electric ministry, many of the classic, twisted of an Old Testament figure. A judgmental anger—strident and stark—lurked in his bleakness—passion him. He is served by the prospect of impending doom. And because he hears the voice of God, all he requires of himself is obedience to this voice. That is why he requires such an unrelenting presence, a figure pre-occupied with the Enlightenment. For all his power and insulation, he never seems to examine his own consciences.

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He spent a lifetime passing himself off as the genial Juice, an affable guy who went from sports hero to TV pitchman to smiling joke in a Leslie Nielsen movie. Then his wife said goodbye for the last time, and O. J. Simpson made the terrible discovery that his disguise no longer fit.

The Man Behind the Mask

BY TERESA CARPENTER

AN ACCOMPLISHED LIAR FASCINATES ME. So I am frankly in awe of O. J. Simpson. For the past half hour or so, I've been playing and replaying a segment of tape. Not the slow-motion freeway chase, nor the file footage of his sixty-four-yard touchdown run against UCLA, but an interview with ESPN in 1989 in which he addresses the charges of beating his wife after the infamous New Year's Eve party.

"We were both guilty. No one was hurt. It was no big deal, and we got on with our life."

His voice is calm and reasonable. Decency radiates from his oversize being.

The interviewer is beguiled by the Juice. He should probably have known better, but then who am I to talk? I am sitting here five years later, knowing perfectly well that it was not



Over the O. J. trial, we read City College's name on his locker. When the player departed, O. J. pulled it out to hide.

your some little argument between O J. and Nicole Simpson—that he, in fact, blackballed her eye, cut her hair, and locked the wind out of her—yet I still feel a least visceral sympathy to believe him.

The focus of habit is strong, and we have, after all, been conditioned during the past twenty-five years to regard O J. Simpson as one of the most visible figures in American culture, one of the most splendid athletes in the history of sports ball—one of the most glib of all time. Remember the smiling O J., quick with a quip, ready with an autograph, willing to make a joke at his own expense? In public life, O J. Simpson made so many money visits to terminally ill children that he jokingly referred to himself as the Angel of Death. And he now stands accused of murdering Nicole and her young male friend, Ronald Goldman. It seems inconceivable that the juke, the man who earned an Olympic torch, might also have kept through the night, commandeered, ambushed two human beings on a golden path and slit their throats.

"I am absolutely, one hundred percent not guilty," he says. And there it is that impulse to believe him, an impulse checked by a male and intrusive thought: Couldn't a guy who lies about locking a woman's jaw as well lie about killing her?

Mama Simpson Holds a Prayer Meeting

SHIRLEY MACK, O J.'s oldest sister, stands on a bright floral carpet, her ample form draped up in a posture of saintly dignity. She is reading from a piece of newspaper.

"During this trying time for our family, we want to thank all of you for your many words of encouragement, your many warm floral arrangements and plants, visits, food, cards, telephone calls, your loving support along with your spiritual enlightenings."

Shirley continues her litany of blessings, but my attention wanders to the space around her, past an ornate white fireplace to a dining alcove, where a dozen or more long-stemmed red roses rest on a vase on the table.

The living room is dim, the shades drawn against what? Bright sunlight or a storm of scandal? Outside, dozens of well-grounded rumors accumulate now after now to form the black middle-class San Francisco suburb of Bayview. To the north lies the ghetto of Portrero Hill, boyhood home of the juke.

In an airy chair near the door sits Eunice Simpson, O J.'s younger sister, wearing an elderly's loose clothing and a quiet, pained cast that looks to have some sort of therapeutic purpose. Eunice is convalescing from a collapse she suffered the night her son took off on his excursion in a Ford Bronco.

There are naturally a number of questions I would like to ask her, among them, "Mrs. Simpson, did you get along with your late daughter-in-law?"

Under the circumstances, this seems inappropriate. And probably futile. "She doesn't hear too well," Shirley explains. The old woman, in fact, seems only vaguely aware of what is going on around her. She is merely storing oil-drum grunts in her lap.

I am not sure how I ended up at Mama Simpson's couch. Back at Union Square, I hailed a taxi and gave the

driver O J.'s mother's last known address, never for a moment thinking she'd be here. I guess I figured she would have been evacuated to quarters safe from predators from the press. But when I arrived, visitors were making their way up to the little house for a prayer meeting, and I was sort of swept in on a wave of brotherly love.

Shirley finishes reading the formal statement with a flourish. She hands me a photograph showing such instructions on how to send a prayer to the family. "If you refer to a scripture out of the Bible," it reads, "please write it out."

Her eyes burn with something of a frown, gazed either by a faith in God or a similarly strong faith in her supernatural brother. Her position, of course, is that the latter is innocent of the charges against him. Does she believe it?

Once, in his youth, O J. learned to tell his family, "Somebody you're gonna read about me." To which Shirley responded, "To a police report." Eunice Simpson told this story to journalists covering her son's induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1990. Back then, it was safe to joke how early O J. would have gone to the devil.

The Baddest Cat on the Hill

HE WAS BORN Orenthal James, the nameless, it is said, of an obscure French area. Only his mother ever called him by that peculiar appellation. To his contemporaries, he was O J. and later O J., or simply Juke. His father, Jimmy Lee Simpson, worked as a printer at a private club. He abandoned the family when O J. was scarcely more than a toddler, leaving Eunice to support four children on her earnings as an orderly in a psychiatric ward.

By all accounts, Eunice displayed a fierce maternal resolve toward the baby Orenthal, who had developed neckties soon after his birth, a condition that left him bowlegged and pigeon-toed.

The doctors kept telling me that they should operate to strengthen his legs, but I didn't like that idea and said no," Eunice once told a reporter. Instead, she massaged his limbs daily with oil and put him in braces (which, legend has it, she fashioned out of scrap metal). He shuffled around the house in the consequent until the age of five.

His deformed condition earned him the nickname Pencil Pate. He was also called Headquarters and Water-head because his head was so large for his body making him appear hydrocephalic. In 1970, O J. admitted to a Playboy interviewer that he had been "very sensitive" about those taunts. "But then my legs improved," he recalled, "and I got to be a very really cheater."

Ready as a captioner for something, though just what is now obscured by the cobwebs of mythology O J. would describe himself vaguely as a free-lance racer or the "baddest cat" on the Hill—depending on the public-relations needs of the moment, it is probably accurate to say he was not a hard-core hoodlum. It is also fair to assume that he was a generally obnoxious punk. This impression was confirmed by killing buddy Al Cowling during those days at USC.

"We played a lot of amateur football together," Cowling told an interviewer then. "But I never liked to play on the

same team with O J. He was a halfway bully. I didn't like him then. But then, most of his closest friends today didn't like him then, either."

In a subsequent interview, O J. weighed in with an equally unflattering view of Al. "Al was around with the basketball group," he joked. "I ran around with a bunch of outcasts. They didn't want to team with us."

At Boyer on the Hill, the two engaged in petty loyalty and estimation. "To name high," recalled Cowling, "was our own protection agency. We'd sneak around school and find someone who was weak. Then we'd get someone to go push him around a little. After that, we'd come up and ask the kid if he needed any protection. If he said no, the same guy would come back and push him around some more. This was repeated until he paid, but we never hurt anyone."

As footnotes or so, they joined their first "fighting gang," the Perrier Warriors. There, O J. got his sexual initiation at the hands of the ladies' auxiliary, the Perrier Nurses. He also got bruised landing from the local liquor store. A neighborhood youth leader who thought O J. might be subverted persuaded Gianni corner fighter Willie Watts to spend an afternoon with the boy. O J. would later use the three hours of unbroken attention from the baseball legend as the experience that changed his destiny.

It is a charming story. But O J.'s escape from the ghetto was engineered in a more ruthless fashion by his mother.

Early on, Eunice Simpson had discovered Orenthal's interest in athletics because of his "weak bones." But she saw he was determined, she encouraged him. When he graduated from junior high and seemed headed toward Mission High, one of the city's black and Latino gangs, she negotiated an athletic scholarship for her son at a parochial school, where he briefly experienced the hooded team. When his cat pounce to go to a dance and lost his scholarship, Eunice got him transferred to Galileo High, near the Mission, far from Portrero Hill.

By virtue of sex, both O J. and Al Cowling were standouts on a team of mild, predominantly Asian players. O J., and by association Al Cowling, began to attract press notice. Both were named on the all-city team, and in their senior year, O J. led the city in scoring.

He should have been a recruiter's dream, but his grades had been so bad that no college approached him with offers. O J. considered the Army until a friend came back from Vietnam with a big letter. He reconsidered and enrolled in City College of San Francisco.

"He was careful to surround himself with people who would back him up," recalls one of Simpson's teammates on the City College Rams. One afternoon after practice, recalls the player, he went to his locker only to be informed by O J. that he had taken it for his own use. When the player stood his ground, he says, O J. pulled a swordblade. The guy claims that when he saw the knife, he picked up a bench to defend himself, whereupon O J. backed off.

A thug in the locker room, perhaps. On the playing field, however, O J. Simpson was an unblemished Black Messiah. During his first year at City College, he averaged ten yards every time he carried the ball. CSDF players wore white tank tops and red slacks home on the field. While O J. owned the squad, a respect before him to be called a "black commodore" by league head. He went unopposed for a five games, then he demanded it be left that way for super-

nous reasons. When reporters visited CCSF, they looked for the "ghetto," where starstruck helmet seekers to mark him physically and metaphorically for a different destiny than that of his teammates. By the end of his sophomore year, O J. Simpson had received offers from fifty colleges.

"Orange Juice" Simpson Charms 'Em at USC

ON HIS FACE, his decision to go to the University of Southern California would seem to have been made at the level of a seven-year-old astronaut by a trip to the moon. "I was really impressed," he told one interviewer, "by this big white house that came out on the field before their games and after touchdowns."

There was more to it than that. A reporter had told him that USC could give him the media exposure necessary to win a lucrative pro-ball contract. Moreover, he was aware that USC had positioned another black player, Mike Garrett, to win the Heisman Trophy.

When O J. Simpson enrolled as a junior in the spring of 1969, the University of Southern California was a spot as distant from Portrero Hill as the planet Jupiter. A cauldron of privilege, its graduates in public administration governed Los Angeles. Its doctors and technicians governed the real estate establishment. The student body—overwhelmingly white and upper-middle-class—was largely immune to the social turmoil of the Sixties. The school newspaper admitted that the "high cost of a USC education seems to screen out almost all Negroes. The notable exceptions to this rule are athletes admitted on scholarship."

USC did love its football. And it was willing to clap a "Nigger" to its bosom if he could edge the Trojan toward a national championship, provided, of course, he demonstrated a merely lack of interest in radical causes.

O J. dreamed his junior year in 1968, when black athletes across the country were rallying for a boycott of the Olympic games in Mexico City. The Daily Trojan described "Orange Juice" Simpson as "a sensitive, intelligent man. His excitement shows through in his grammatical incoherence in his sleep, rambling speech, but he absorbs and understands as well as any man. He has philosophical ideas and they are pretty good, but most people just like to hear him pontificate. He admires Lou Alton, dad of the UCLA basketball star, but disagrees with the Olympic boycott."

"I have my philosophy," Simpson went on to explain. "You can't change the world until you change yourself. Once I get something concrete, something in my pocket, I can go and tell someone. Look what I have done."

And what he did at USC was launch an athletic career characterized by moments of such meteoric brilliance that a quarter of a century later, not even changes of matter can eclipse it.

During Simpson's first few weeks of spring practice in 1969, USC coach John McKay hired Jay, as he called him, to the track team, in which he helped set a new world record in the 440-yard relay. Later that year, he went on to become college football's leading runner. Against USC's mascot, Notre Dame, he carried the ball thirty-eight yards for five

yards and three touchdowns. The Trojan won the national championship, and O J the team's star running back, was named All-American.

The USC public relations machinery worked diligently to advance the image of the "smiling O J," a great job who never willing to be interviewed for hours without taking the never seemed to mind being interrupted for autographs.

O J cracked USC with going "nuts." He learned how to dress collegiately, wearing freshly cleaned pants "handlessly washed sweaters," and using tips with buckles. When people asked him about his shaven calves, he told them he had had polio. Rodgers was a poor boy's disease.

According to one former USC professor, a team of tutors was assigned to him to assure a nominal pass on required courses. O J later told how an assistant coach would drop by his apartment to make sure he did not oversleep for classes. All this effort did not succeed in turning him into a scholar. One semester before he was to receive a degree in public administration, O J Simpson dropped out of school to sign the first of many endorsements—a three-year contract with Chevrolet for \$250,000.

By 1960, everyone wanted a piece of Simpson—rarely every team in pro football. But rules granting the four-round draft pick to the worst team in the league consigned him without appeal to the Buffalo Bills. For three miserable winters in the searid reaches of western New York, he played without distinction. Bills coach John Rauch tried to turn Simpson into a receiver, but O J was never good with his hands. It was not until 1962, when Rauch's successor Lou Saban, assembled a formidable corps of blockers—known as the Electric Company because they "turned on the juice"—that the Bills finally let Simpson run with the ball. And how he ran. Most rushing yards in a single season—twenty-three. Most rushing yards gained in a game—ninety. And ultimately most rushing yards in one season—1,003—breaking the record held by Cleveland's Jim Brown.

Not a congenitally gracious man, Brown nonetheless wrote an eloquent homage to O J in his memoir, *On Jim Brown's*. "The Juice was fantastic. You have to see the Juice out of uniform to appreciate the strength he has in his shoulders [Combine that] with his world-class speed, precise sense of when to accelerate. Though he wasn't punting, the Juice was going forward, and there would be no hesitation before a hit."

O J Simpson's fall from grace has provoked a flood of commentary questioning the athlete as hero. The ability to run with a football, we are now told in league with speed, is not the same as character. But in some basic sense, it is. O J Simpson pushed one extraordinary player to its limits, achieving heights of performance of which most of us can only dream.

It was often said that he was a natural, but that discounts his accomplishments. He studied his adversaries' plays with intelligence and concentration. He rehearsed his own end runs in his head. He practiced bare arched in Buffalo blizzards. He played in pain. After he was traded to the San Francisco 49ers in 1969, doctors opened his left knee and found six floating shards of cartilage and a cyst the size of a lime. When it became clear he was too crippled to go on, he bowed out with dignity.

At the age of thirty-two, O J Simpson seemed the living ideal of self-mastery—nothing at all like that angry man caught on gas screaming violently at a woman in the night.

That Madison Avenue Smile

A FRIEND OF MINE, a mathematician, tried to reduce O J's behavior to a pendulum. "You have two trajectories going through space. Trajectory A is the smiling O J, pointed at endorsements and comedy roles. Trajectory B, the real O J, pointed at well you know what happened."

The "what happened" is necessarily vague. No one knows for sure what actually occurred during the late hours of June 6. What we do know is that he was a wife beater, possibly a murderer. And now we must find the "real O J." But who exactly are we looking for? Is it O J Simpson, onetime gang member, who, after being arrested into the convulsion of middle-class society, resorted spontaneously to the ways of the streets? Or are we looking for a con artist who invented a mask of gentility and smug behind a whole laughing at it?

The former USC professor offers a cynical view of O J's ascendancy. "They put a blue blazer on him and coached him on what to say at an athlete's dinner. Then he made that null in the paper and says, 'I brought that off. They don't realize I'm one and a half years removed from studying out.' I think O J felt that as long as he stayed on the right side of the public relations machine, he would be all right."

In fairness, O J Simpson underwent the kind of apoplexy that would disorient any twenty-one-year-old. After he won the Heisman, games were held for him. Jackson awarded his opinion on everything from child-neglect to foreign policy. There were no limitations on his propensities. And the real O J—or perhaps it's more accurate to call this chaotic entity the precise O J—succumbed to the entire range of temptations routinely shoved into the path of a superstar.

We know now that the precise O J was a world-class womanizer. Women propositioned him at parties at bars in airports, on the way to public restrooms. O J repeatedly boasted of having four women at one time and many more sequentially in a given evening. But he stayed on the right side of the PR machine, positioning himself as securely under the dominion of a devoted *Playboy* wife who "brought the Lord into our house and helps me when I pray."

The precise O J also had a drug problem. Last June, admission man on WKBF in Buffalo reported that the owner of a bar that Simpson had frequented confirmed that he'd been spotting coke during his years with the Bills. According to this account, O J narrowly missed being nabbed in two drug busts in 1975.

Unlike womanizing, allegations of drug use could have tanked his pro career. But O J positioned himself as strictly pristine, informing *Playboy* that he had experimented with drugs only once as a teenager. On that occasion, he had smoked marijuana but "just pretended to like it."

Was this image a transparent con? Of course. But one in which everyone—college administrators, insurance, the



At USC, the polished O J was a great job who never seemed to mind being interrupted for autographs.

under-participated. No one wanted to hear anything bad about the juke. Not as long as he was breaking records.

O J's outlook was rather simple. He liked the way people recognized Willie May on sight, so he wanted fame. He was impressed by the Trojan mascot, so he wanted to go to USC. When Madison Avenue approached him in his senior year and started calling to him about "image," he quite naturally concluded that cultivating an alternate personality was nothing shameful.

Simpson's spectacular rise, in fact, seems an overstated case of being there. He ran well with a ball, so sponsors flocked to him, along with him to endorse their products: K. C. cola, Diego boots, Ties Swiss, orange juice, Schack razors, Foster Grant sunglasses. Entrepreneurs paid him with huge new propositions to which he had only to lend his name to collect a percentage. Yagur stores, juke bars, item wear. By age 19, his net worth was estimated at ten million.

Tragedy A carved him to a celebrity status that had eluded every named superstar before him. The juke was a sensation man, sponsor-hungry actor, corporate spokesman. Market research showed that 90 percent of American women recognized him on sight.

Early in 1975, when Hertz was looking for an appealing figure for the conspicuous of its "Superior in America" campaign, it tapped Simpson. It was the first time a corporate advertiser would hire a black man for a major national campaign.

Throughout his career, Simpson had deftly sidestepped the race issue. "A lot of my brothers in sports have joined the Black Muslims, and some of them have tried to get me to join," he once said. "But they're not allowed to eat pork—and I have been too much."

If O J suffered any cultural dislocation, any suspicion that his image might have been built upon hypocrisy, he didn't let on. He considered it a triumph to have made it in white America and proudly admitted one interviewer that Hertz's advertiser network had chosen him to be "colorful."

The secret to O J's success seemed to be that he knew how to ride momentum in whichever direction it took him from football legend to actor, spokesman, and celebrity spokesman. From husband and father to chronic womanizer with an appetite for cocaine, it defies some law of nature that these disparate images did not intersect. Of course, they did: we just never allowed ourselves to look too closely.

"The Place Must Be Falling Apart Without O. J."

ON THE EVE OF HIS RETIREMENT, O J Simpson should have been gladly prepared for the fact that he would never again experience the high that football had given him. But by then he was surrounded by a circle of sycophants who convinced him he could be dominant in anything he tried.

When he signed on as announcer for ABC's Monday Night Football in 1976, he was scorned by critics who ridiculed his incoherence on week endings and his tendency to ramble. Howard Cosell referred to O J as a "poor little lost boy."

More painful were his disappointments as an actor. To first he signed with the Billa, O J had played an aging alien in a TV series called *Mohad Center*. His performance received a flurry of critical praise and left him with the conviction that he had talent. Even Lee Remick, advised O J not to bother with acting lessons because he was a natural.

When his celebrity got him small roles in *Boys*, *The Klugean*, and *The Casanova Cowboy* and a larger one in *Copcats* One, he still he was making "artistic progress" and talked of winning an Oscar or an Emmy. Of course, the peak of his dramatic accomplishments was as the bumbling Nordberg in the *Naked Gun* series.

It was with a sort of pathetic tenacity, then, that O J clung to his relationship with Hertz. Promoting affluence was the one thing he did well. And it assured him continuing visibility. The experience of this cannot be overestimated. If you consider O J's casual comments over the years, what emerges is a man whose perception of himself was totally dependent upon the reaction of others.

He once told the late Pete Axthelm that a trip he had taken to France in the summer of 1975. "Over there, I was just another tourist who didn't speak the language," he said. "Nobody knew me, and I felt alone and lost. But since then I've learned how to handle this feeling and even get something out of it. Next time, I'll be ready for Paris."

The ready-for-Paris story illustrates O J Simpson's psychological predicament. On the one hand he was a tremendously pumped-up man with an exaggerated sense of his own prerogatives. On the other, a childlike personality with such a poorly developed sense of self that he could not negotiate the world without the armor of his celebrity.

He took pains to surround himself with people who knew he was special and was careful to treat him that way. Al Cowlings, who traveled on O J's coastals from USC to the Billa and finally to the agent, was a constant companion in the post-fall years. He traveled no film sets in Europe with O J, sometimes serving as a stand-in. He accompanied O J to the filming of commercials, standing by available as a gun partner during breaks. Cowlings served as a reassuring presence, constantly feeding the ego of a narcissist.

O J Simpson has been a narcissist for as long as any of us can remember him. It's just that in the early years, we saw only the charming side of the condition. The extraversion, the cheerful response to adulation. Part and parcel of that same package, however, is a pathological self-absorption, an inflated sense of one's own entitlements, feelings of shame and humiliation capable of exploding into rage.

Who can listen to the gasp of October 1975 and not come away startled by O J Simpson's rage? Where did that come from? As a football player, he was not particularly violent, or, as Jan Brown puts it, "punishing." Even on the field, he was the smiling O J.

The picnic O J T.Will, then, was apparently a different story. The USC professor announced earlier recalls an episode that occurred shortly after O J left the school. At a faculty party surrounded by fellow academics, he yelled, "The place must be falling apart without O J." There were no smiles. O J Simpson, he was told, had beaten up three young women—two Asians and a "blond cheerleader type." Moreover, the school paid each of the victims's fees for the sum of \$25,000 to keep the affair under wraps. (A USC



O J suddenly materialized, leaned over the table, and announced, "The O. J. Simpson, and she's still my wife."

spokesman maintains, "To the best of our knowledge, there's no truth to it at all.")

It seems that O. J. was less vulnerable to a 250-pound linebacker than to perceived slights from a 120-pound woman. This fact is particularly vicious when you consider that O. J. grew up surrounded by females—his mother, two sisters, and various aunts. In an interview given during his playing years, O. J. claimed to prefer the company of women. But perhaps he just felt menched by them.

For his mother, there is no doubt that O. J. felt a passionate devotion. "The most important person in my life," he called her. She seemed to be his spiritual lodestar. Often, he would quote her in semibiblical terms. But their relationship was more volatile than he let on.

Ethel Simpson once told a reporter from the *San Francisco Chronicle* how O. J. came home one night when he was a student at City College and demanded to use the car. When she refused, she said, "He kinda raised up. So I told him one of us was going to Cyprus [a local cemetery] and one of us was going to jail. I said, 'Which is a going to be, Cyprus or jail?'" O. J. ruminates, and Ethel let him take the car.

According to the tabloids, O. J.'s deepest source of satisfaction was his father, who reportedly enjoyed a private life as a drug queen. The problem with tabloids is that even the most outrageous story usually contains a nugget of truth. And that seems to be the case here. My own cousin of the neighborhood, where Jimmy Lee lived until his death in 1978, revealed that, while no drug queen, he was indeed gay. Did O. J. feel compelled to hit on every skirt that moved in order to prove his own manhood? In any event, his behavior resulted in the destruction of both of his marriages.

We may never learn the full scope of the indignities that O. J.'s first wife, Margarete Whitley Simpson, suffered during her twelve-year marriage to O. J. Since his arrest last June she has kept her silence. During the Seventies, she was equally discreet, only once dropping her guard to complain that she was tired of being pushed aside by her husband's girlfriends.

She was being raped. When their first child, daughter Amalia, was born, O. J. learned of it by a note passed to him at the Heilman barbershop. Margarete, with Amalia and their baby Jason in tow, followed O. J. to Buffalo, but she hated the place. In 1975, the breach between the Simpsons became public when Margarete stayed in Los Angeles rather than spend another winter in western New York.

There were separations and reconciliations. In May 1977 a columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner* reported, "Tougher than runarounds about O. J. Simpson's marriage to Margarete [are] on the rocks. During a recent visit here, the juke proudly announced they will soon celebrate their tenth anniversary. 'Why am I so proud?' asked O. J. 'Well, we're expecting our third child later this year, and after that we plan to have one more.'"

Their third child, daughter Aaren, was born in September. The Simpsons moved into the \$5 million Tadel mansion on Buckingham Drive in Brentwood, presumably to give their marriage a fresh start. But by September of 1980, O. J. had moved out of the house and sued for divorce. A year later, Aaren was found unconscious in the swimming pool at the Buckingham estate. The press presented the Simpsons as the picture of solidarity together by their daughter's bedside during the eight days a week her to the Los Jans, however, *People magazine* quoted an unnamed source as saying that during the death vigil, O. J. ran

down the hospital hall screaming, "She murdered my child!"

That comment, if true, easily rises to the level of mental cruelty. Particularly if it was calculated to gain advantage. The couple was in the middle of a bitter divorce contest over assets. Margarete hunted in court papers that O. J. played upon her guilt to get her signature on the settlement.

But did O. J. Simpson betray his first wife? Experts have scoffed at sexual repugnance between the two, even as far back as their dating days. One mutual friend told the *San Francisco Examiner* they would get into "loud, screaming fights" at parties and have to be separated.

Larry Brown and Paul Prince, authors of the quickie biography *Just the O. J. Simpson* (Doubly), report that a real estate broker surveying the Simpson's old Air home after they had moved out found that it had been "vamped, smashed, and trashed.... It looked like someone had taken out all kinds of frustrations on the house."

But if O. J. ever inflicted physical abuse upon her, Margarete never spoke out. Perhaps she knew it was dangerous to humiliate the juke.

The Ghouls of West L. A.

NORRIS BROWN SIMPSON'S last address on South Bundy Drive has become a mandatory stop on the ghoul's tour of West L. A. Two weeks after the murder, a gaggle of *gawkers*—composed of a pair of ladies from Buffalo, a pair of Japanese maroons from Honolulu, a young woman from the People's Republic of China, and me—stands on the public sidewalk, peering with unabashed fascination up the tiled pathway and steps to a little pink condominium. The air is heavy with the fragrance of night-blooming juncos, but it does not mask the smell of blood. Folks have wiped the tiles clean with towels, but as much of it had already soaked into the flower beds.

For some reason, it is impossible for each of us to pinpoint exactly where the bodies were found. By now, we are all criminologists without portfolios and are confident that the "how" and the "who" of any case lie in the peripherals.

But we cannot arrive at a consensus. It will be several weeks before I piece together enough intelligence from police reports and photos to get this tangled scene straight. Both bodies were found inside the open security gate. Nicole was resting on her left side, her back to the horizon step. She lay in a fetal position, her ankles wedged under a fence, her face turned toward the street. She wore the same black halter dress that she had worn to her daughter's dance recital and to dinner at Mizumaki. Her neck had been sliced so deeply that the head cervical vertebrae suffered a quarter-inch neck. Goldman was discovered ten feet away from her in a small garden alcove, leaning against a pillar. He died of slashes to the neck and stab wounds to his chest and abdomen. His eyes were open.

These stark elements do, in fact, suggest a how. Although there has been talk about a "second killer," there was only a single set of bloody footprints leading from the victim to a back alley. One theory holds that the killer attacked Ronald Goldman while Nicole was still on the phone with her mother between 12 P.M. and 12:15 P.M. (Her Akita began its plan one week at 12:15.) Hearing the commotion, Nicole stood outside her door, only to be cut down after leaving the porch.

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Another school of thought: Nicole died first. The killer rang the buzzer, and she went to open the gate. Goldman may have then stumbled upon the scene as she was being murdered or shortly thereafter. Supporting this theory is the fact that Nicole's blood was found on Ron's boot, indicating that her blood was applied before him. A variation on this theme is that Ron Goldman rang the buzzer, Nicole opened the gate for him, and as they were standing there, the killer descended upon them from a hiding place inside the grounds. The envelope with the glasses was found on the ground between their corpses.

A plausible how? Well, at least three of them. The particulars, of course, also suggest a plausible who. The trail of bloody footprints and droplets leads out of Nicole's back alley straight to the most famous fence over to sell off Fred's assembly line, up the driveway and into the foyer of 360 Rockingham and ultimately into the shower and sink of O J Simpson's master bedroom.

What the particulars do not give us is a why, leaving us to speculate whether the carnage on South Bundy was not the predictable and foreseeable end of our macho man's empire.

Brentwood Gothic

NIKOLE BROWN and O J Simpson met in June 1977, when she was working at a night club called the Ditty. He was wearing the end of his pro-ball career. He was about 30 and in tears. He was about to celebrate his 25th wedding anniversary with a woman who was then carrying their third child. And he apparently decided the future would be brighter with an eighteen-year-old white girl.

Nick, as she was known, was energetic; if lacking in direction. She had tried modeling without success and had worked as a salesgirl in a boutique for two weeks but quit without making a single sale. O J took as much pride in his ownership of her as he did in his vintage Rod's Silver Cloud. He chose her clothing, dictated how she should wear her hair, and insisted that she travel with him during his last year with the NFL.

Nicole Brown learned early on that she had to walk on eggshells to avoid offending O J Simpson. "I've always told O J what he wants to hear," she would later say in her divorce affidavits. When she failed to anticipate his mood properly, he would snap. He would throw her out, and she would run home to her parents in Orange County. Days or hours later, he would call and woo her back. Nicole would show up in public with black eyes masked by heavy makeup. She would sometimes be redraped for days. O J would announce these episodes to "couples."

Nicole, like Marguerite, was galloped by O J's bad luck. He concealed publicly with an actress, Twinky Kitten (currently called Anniston Harnett Boyle). He was also a regular judge at the annual Miss Hawaiian Tropic Beauty Pageant, when he apparently regarded the contestants as his private harem. His taste ran to blondes.

When Nicole became pregnant in early 1983, however, O J proved to be faithful to her. The prenuptial agreement took months to negotiate and stipulated that neither party would have a claim on the other's assets. Outwashed and

outwaryed, Nicole married O J under a tree in the backyard of the Rockingham estate. This June, when he was evicted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame, he thanked his glowing wife for "some of the best years of my life."

Their daughter, Sydney Brock, was born that October 17. Nine days later, police answered a distress call at 360 Rockingham. The responding officer found Nicole sitting on the hood of her car before a shattered windshield. O J admitted to having broken it with a baseball bat, but he assured the officer that there was no reason to worry because "it's mine."

During the next four years, Nicole would call police between eight and thirty times. No one listens for sure, next to changes or incident reports were ever filed. The LAPD was clearly not inclined to bust O J Simpson. One responding officer asked for his autograph. One of O J's defense attorneys would later describe these visits as social calls. "Police that knew Mr. Simpson would sometimes come by to watch a ball game or talk to him or just visit."

O J's brutality did not enter the public record until the famous New Year's Eve brawl of 1989. On that night, O J and Nicole came home from a party drunk and argumentative. Nicole, who had learned of O J's affair with Twinky Kitten only a few months before, reportedly tried to correct a New Year's resolution from him: "never to see that bitch again." What O J later described as a "wounding-type altercation" ensued.

Nicole called the police, and when they arrived, she ran from a clasp of bushes in which she had been hiding and collapsed into the arms of one officer. This time, police decided to arrest.

Much has been made in recent months of the lawsuit treatment O J received at the hands of the courts: a two-year probation and a \$100 fine. In fact, he was shocked at finding himself on the wrong side of the public relations machine. But instead of undertaking to reform his behavior, O J launched a vigorous offensive to discredit his accusers. He was a celebrity being targeted by overzealous prosecutors. Either through cunning or incompetence, he isolated Nicole in this effort.

Shortly after the incident became public, she called Herie CEO Frank Olsen and told him that the arguments had not been a "big deal" and there was nothing to a "Hertz sued by O J."

"If there had been more press, we probably would have been at a different place completely," Herie spokesman from Kennedy later explained. Possibly figuring into this thinking was the fact that Nicole's father ran a Hertz franchise, and he wasn't complaining.

Stalking Nicole

THE MARRIAGE continued its downward spiral, and drugs hastened its descent. O J had reportedly turned Nicole on to cocaine early in their courtship. One mooning alcoholic plucked into Wick, L.A.'s AA circuit, says members worried about the couple's sobriety.

"He was doing alcohol and coke," she says, "and Nicole was doing cocaine and alcohol. That makes for one scary motherfucker-type woman."

The Simpsons would have public screening matches. One night at New York's Sips of Joe, O J reportedly

G U C C I

followed his wife out of the restaurant while shouting, "Where?" In another well-publicized episode, Nicole pulled up in her white Ferrari as O J was leaving a Beverly Hills restaurant with another woman, and screamed, "If you're going to cheat on me, at least make it with somebody pretty."

That their children could be shielded from this ugliness is hard to imagine. In press photos, they come across as merry little sprouts. The couple's divorce papers show that Nicole had a counselor of some kind come to the house and observe Sydney.

Nicole moved out of the Rockingham estate and filed for divorce in late February of 1992. In March or April, she made her first visit to Dr. Susan Forward, a feminist therapist and author of *Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them*. Forward recalls that when Nicole came in to see her, she was "logged and trembling." O J, she said, had controlled every aspect of her life. He was crazy with suspicion that she had lovers and he would hide in the bushes outside her new address to spy on her.

Forward says the angry Nicole to cut off all contact with O J. During the next six months, Nicole demanded herself sufficiently to pursue several brief romances, one with Ben Shusne, a twenty-four-year-old protégé at the law firm handling her divorce. When her divorce became final in the middle of October, she and Shusne vacationed in Mexico. A photo published by the *National Enquirer* has Shusne playfully holding her bikini-clad bottom on the deck of a luxury cottage. Seated next to them is another young man with whom Nicole had recently concluded an affair. His name was Keith Zimnowitch.

In testimony to the shorn grand jury, Zimnowitch identified himself as an associate with the Mezzanera restaurant chain in California and Colorado. He had met Nicole, he said, when she was vacationing in Aspen in January 1991.

Zimnowitch recounted how once when he had invited Nicole and a couple of her friends to the Mezzanera in Beverly Hills, O J had suddenly materialized, leaning over the table and announcing in a voice that was "sarcastic, if not scary," "Yes O J. Simpson, and she's still my wife."

On another occasion, Zimnowitch and Nicole were dancing at a Hollywood nightclub when O J showed up. They left and went home to Nicole's condominium, where they "in a few minutes" made love in the downstairs couch. Zimnowitch then went home. He returned the following day to find Nicole and her two children by the swimming pool. She complained of a stiff neck, he said, so they went to a bedroom off the pool—leaving the door open so that they could see the children. He sat on her back and began massaging her neck. Almost immediately, O J charged singly through the back door. "I watched you last night," he shouted. "I can't believe you would do that in the house!" Zimnowitch found "two strange people" from which O J would have been spying on their lovemaking.

O J's stalking put such a strain on the romance that it lasted less than a month. After Zimnowitch Nicole is reported to have had a flinging romance with Brian "Kato" Kacha. (The tabloids had their odds on an Aspen nightclub.) Kato had taken to Nicole's guesthouse and ended up out in the city of occasional highway robberies. Later, a police O J issued Kato out from under Nicole's roof with an offer of five lodging at a guest cottage on the Rockingham estate.

During the months after her separation from O J, Nicole Brown, as she preferred to be known, cut a glam

figure, running errands in slung-top lycra exercise tops and working out at the Gym with the muscle-bound young men of Brentwood, among them Ben Goldstein.

What can you say about poor Goldstein? He may have hoped to use Brown's connections to get a restaurant going. (The defense may argue that they were financing this venture with drug money and were diagnosed by bloodstained Colombians.) The two nightclubbed together, and by now, of course, everyone knows of Nicole's fondness for throwing back aqua and dancing until the wee hours. Her screams point to this as evidence of dissolution. More likely, she was gaily alive having spent fifteen years under the thumb of O J. Simpson.

Why did Nicole surround herself with the various likes of Kato Kacha and Ben Goldstein? She probably enjoyed making it to her ex. She probably also enjoyed being around men who were adoring and pliant and, above all, young. Regardless of the media's fondness for portraying her as a slightly older version of the teen whom O J lefted from obscurity, Nicole Brown was in her mid-thirties. Her last photos betray crow's-feet and incipient crepe neck. She was edging toward that time of life when a woman, if she is lucky, "looks awfully good for her age." Nicole may have been in the grip of a certain desperation to recover lost years.

She did not recover them very successfully. Whatever satisfaction she enjoyed during the thirteen months of her liberation from O J went offset by financial worries. Although she received \$200,000 a month in child support, plus a divorce settlement of more than \$200,000, she was unable to sustain the life to which she had been accustomed.

In the early months of 1992, Nicole started seeing a West Hollywood therapist who suggested that her "body language" might have encouraged O J to hit her. She spent four sessions trying to correct that then began intensive counseling to boost her self-esteem. At the end of it, she announced to friends, "I went my husband back." According to Paula Barbieri, the Victoria's Secret model with whom O J occupied himself during the separation and divorce, Nicole began portraying O J, "wearing his lenses and showing up places."

O J reportedly became, but not for long. The divorce had humiliated him even more than his arrest for second-degree murder. The disgust to which he descended upon it became apparent during the first few days after Nicole's murder, when, unconcerned and presumably delirious, he reported being visited by her ghost. The appellation asked, "Why?" That question, significantly, was not, "Why did you murder me?" or even, "Why are I dead?" but, "Why did we split?" To which he replied, "It was your choice, honey."

They began "dating" again around March 1993. O J was cavalier about the reconciliation, which, he doubtless felt, would set the record straight. The Jews never lost his women. Appearing with Nicole at the opening of New York's Harley Davidson Cafe last October, he joked, "My girlfriend that became my wife is like my girlfriend now." Last January, at a promotional meeting for a company called Juice Plus, he had gotten around to referring to her simply as "my wife."

In the spring of 1995, O J Simpson was high an almost every morning. He, Nicole, and the children attended the premiere of *Gold Digger*. In April, he began shooting the pilot for an HBO series called *Fireman*, in which he was to play a Navy SEAL commander John "Bulldog" Barker. O J seemed to be emerging from a slump, ready to take Paris by storm.

But he blew it. He continued to see Paula Barbieri, but



demanded perfect fidelity from Nicole. Only a week after the Simpson's joint appearance at the Harley-Davidson Cafe, O.J. landed in the French doors of Nicole's condo on Grinnam Drive. Why Nicole died isn't. What triggered the incident is unclear, but O.J. had apparently fixated upon the mental image of his estranged wife making love to Keith Richards. In the background of the 901 tape, he roars about her "giving head to Keith."

But there was an even more sinister subplot to this tape. O.J. can be heard saying about the National Enquirer, which that week had quoted Nicole as confiding in a friend that her "heart and you, but her head and me," to giving back together with her ex. Could it have been this fear and insecurity that led him to stalk her?

What precipitated the fatal breakup is not known. Browne and Fournier, authors of *Jaco*, report the Simpsons' cook as saying that the couple had been to Spago, where a couple of men began flirting with Nicole. By the time they got home, O.J. had turned into a "vicious, terrifying man" who took the top of her dress and called her a "slut."

This woman had the over-the-top quality of a bad cop. A likelier scenario, supported by evidence from the A.H. circuit, is that Nicole was bringing her drug taking under control and could finally make a sober decision.

In that moment, O.J. decided on murder. I don't think so. I think that O.J. added with ego and drugs over heard the word no right up until the end, he thought there was room to capote, negotiate, and otherwise manipulate Nicole into a reconciliation. Whether he had the intellectual stamina to plot a murder over the period of two weeks or more has yet to be established.

A more realistic prospect is that a subconscious predisposition to murder was born weeks earlier on the set of *Baywatch*. Military advisors reportedly instructed the cast in the so-called silent-film technique, in which an operative places a hand over his enemy's nose and mouth and looks him in the back of the knees before cutting his throat. Is it possible that O.J. Simpson's asphyxiation personality took on the traits of Redford Butler? He might have fantasized about killing Nicole and carried those fantasies in the form of buying a real shovel to dispose of her fleshy body. But real killing is another matter. Did something happen in the final twenty-four hours that put him over the fence?

On the evening before Nicole's murder, O.J. attended a B list fundraiser in Bel Air with Paula Barbieri, where he boasted about sexual conquests. That buoyant mood had disappeared by 7 on the next morning, when he went golfing with producer Craig Baumgarten. Offended by a joking insult, O.J. threw a temper tantrum on the green. At around 9 a.m., Keith Karlin saw him back at Rockingham and later testified impressionistically that O.J. informed him that he and Nicole were no longer together.

When he showed up at daughter Sydney's dance recital at 8:00, he was calm. He and Nicole did not speak. O.J. later claimed that he had shared with Nicole's mother, who had warned him to come along to dinner at Mossburn, but that he had declined. In fact, he had received no invitation. O.J., who was used to being welcome wherever he went, may have been humiliated to have a demonstrated as publicly that he was no longer welcome in the family.

When O.J. returned home from the recital around 7:00, he climbed into his Bronco and began driving around, trying to locate his "girlfriend" on a car phone. It is not clear who

this girlfriend was. Maybe Paula Barbieri, or a Playboy center fold named Tracy Adell whom O.J. had called that day. There is an amazing quality to this pursuit. Did he drive by the Mossburns and watch through the large windows as Nicole and her party of ten dined in family? He returned home at 9:15 and went out for burgers with Keith Karlin. Ko-to thought O.J. looked "tired" when he left her country five minutes later in the driveway of the Rockingham estate.

What did O.J. do after 9:45? The circumstantial case holds that he drove up in convertible tops and tossed a knife over to his confidante, intending to slash her tires. He had reportedly done this on occasion to keep her from going out on dates. Then the animal of Goldman propelled him into a jealous rage.

Or maybe O.J. Simpson's mind was inflamed by a scene of a quarter sort. Earlier in the day at the motel, he had gotten a glimpse of what the future held. Years of being snubbed by Nicole, of watching her manage to have a good time without him. Of feeling unstable in the streets of Paris. So he looked out like a furious child.

Would You Follow O.J. into the Dark?

I HAD A DREAM ABOUT O.J. SIMPSON. I was wandering alone through the upstairs of an apartment or townhouse. The walls were white, the furniture white. It was twilight. I passed a nursery which was empty. *Nichols*.

Fewer below came, sounds of a party in progress, but by the time I got downstairs, the guests had left. O.J. sat on a couch, his hands clasped between his knees, his head hanging down. He lifted it and looked at me with mournful eyes. He stood and walked to a door that was open and gave a long backward look at it to say, "Best me." Then he walked on through it. The door remained open, an invitation to follow him into the night. And I later to say it—there was that visceral urge to do it, to be led blindly by an old friend.

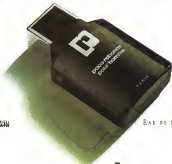
This poses out a fundamental problem in doing justice. How do you find jurors who are not old friends or don't at least feel as if they are? No one to be celebrated and beloved has ever been charged with such a crime. Is O.J. famous beyond accountability? Is he like one of those Olympian gods who periodically run amok, only to have their crimes forgiven as the duties of the divine? If O.J. is found not guilty, will we forget that it was most likely his blood lustling in private disputes away from the bodies of Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldblatt?

During the next five weeks, the defense team will be throwing about some fabulous theories about Coleridgean muses, cat burglars, and mystery lovers—all in the service of raising doubt. There's nothing selfless about this. It's how the system works. But in this case, there is a possibility that reasonable doubt may simply be a straw that warping jurors can clutch guardedly to let O.J. off the hook. Perhaps we should put to the defense team and jurors alike a single question: "Would you follow O.J. into the dark?"

I'll give that a no. I have seen the smiling man lie. I've heard the angry man screaming. No way I'm going through that door.



WHAT IS REMEMBERED IS UP TO YOU



Nicholas Nichols

Eau de Toilette

paco rabanne

PARIS

Vivat, Vivat Varga Girl!

By Jamie Malanowski

1944. The world is at war . . . and the Varga Girl is there! Wading ashore at Normandy, hugging the beach at the Rock, holding steady in the skies high above the industrial Ruhr as the ack-ack shells burst outside, the Varga Girl, every step of the way, in her teddies and

her mules, her skimpy halters and tighter-than-Lycra short-shorts, leads the Allies onward. Why, isn't that her on the deck of the *Missouri*, witnessing MacArthur's acceptance of the Japanese surrender? Behind Bull Halsey? In the melon-colored peignoir? No?

Well, maybe not. It is hard to visualize the Varga Girl actually slugging it out on the roads to Berlin and Tokyo, though her picture hung in billets and on

bulkheads, was unfolded in foxholes, and was lovingly imitated on fuselages throughout Europe and the Pacific. It's also hard—perhaps less so, but still hard—to think of her as sexy. Of course she's *sexy*, if only in an academic way, if only in the way one can accept as a given that Jean Harlow was sexy, even though one can easily pass a dozen women re-

sembling Harlow every day without feeling any need later on to call one's confessor.



The artist: The Varga Girl, a major pop icon of the 1940s, was created by Alberto Vargas, who worked for Esquire between 1940 and 1944

January 1947



The art: Vargas said that Florence Ziegfeld, the Broadway impresario, taught him the difference between "naïve" and "fired." "Vargas preferred girls who were better proportioned

April 2005

Forgive us if we've become jaded. Sex, and particularly sexual imagery of even the most graphic sort, no longer gives us a very passionate response. We have all recently seen photographs of a former president's daughter naked and in an apparently frolicsome mood. We have all had opportunities to see Glenda Jackson topless, and then a great actress and currently a member of Parliament. For the past year, police detectives have regularly been shown copulating during prime time on *Weekdays* on ABC. Every day we are exposed to a surfeit of nudity, attractive and otherwise, and there's no getting around the fact that even the most ardently abstemious



October 1987

drawing of even the most frolicsome lass with even the most concubinary expression on her juicy lips just doesn't have the horsepower. primal-urge-stimulation, that's all once did. Ironic? You bet. The Varga Girl marched in the

forefront of the fight for freedom and once that freedom was won a flood of images followed that left the Varga Girl looking quaint.

Clearly, that was not always so. As Kurt Vonnegut, the famous novelist and veteran, wrote in an introduction to a 1971 collection of the drawings Alberto Vargas did for *Esquire* between 1940 and 1946, "The effect of the pictures, if not their intention, was to make happy youths far from home homesick." Or, to put it more generally, to make the happy magazine buyers of the depressed Forties even happier. Well, there's another objective. Mr. Vargas might have executed a memorable portrait of labor secretary Frances Perkins, who we assume would have been

the first to agree that she wasn't the prurient sort.

What made the Varga Girl a prurient sort was not merely that she was attractive, for attractive women, fortunately abundant, and did so even then. No, the Varga Girl was *haz*. These portraits may have been a Forties phenomenon, but they definitely have a Fifies feel. Legs especially long and shapely, breasts so large and upward-thrusting that they would have to have been cantilevered—the drawings belong to the era of *Callisto* film and Varga room



July 1947

"What did these Varga Girls represent, whether they were supposed to or not? . . . They let us believe in sex as it can never really be—as easy and uncomplicated as falling off a log."

—KURT VONNEGUT JR.

Of course, she had to leave a little to the imagination—posterior suppositories rather insisted on it. (By the way, what a fine phrase: "leave it to the imagination") It was one of Man's favorite ways of expressing disavowal for the newly explicit movies of the fifties, saying that *Kiss* is her day left something to the imagination. This has given us a whole new appreciation for the art, visualizer history books full of Roman meeting away while swash (a lubricious coverer) if the Varga Girl was naked, she turned demurely to represent only a half



December 1946

"My first meetings with the Varga Girl were while I was a pupil at St. Paul's School in London. [The pictures] brought my pubertous blood to a boil and instilled in me dreams untold, though I can't say as the dreams were always successful."

—JOHN BRETZ

heart. Otherwise, she took care to cover herself, if only in some sheer fabric through which her nipples popped like bag charms. In the words Joseph Heller used to describe those of General Dreedle's very Varga Girl-like secretary: She gave away as much in the frivolous little poems that accompanied the pictures often in the form of winks written to a boyfriend overseas in which she swore her devotion while simultaneously reminding him of the ease with which she spent so—get that—"free." Giddy in—Agas you and Barry and voracious. But that "Tara" reference! *Monroe!* Obviously touches like that made the



"I prefer the Varga Girl to the Venus de Milo."

—CARDINAL FRANCIS SPELLMAN

January 1947



November 1941



January 1942

"Girls faultless in limb and shaping, girls curved with strange magics, girls with eggshell smoothness and the warmth of moccasins."
—*The New Yorker*, 1941



December 1940



August 1941

patrons even sooner, inside the girl seems willing to break conventions, made her seem just a little ahead of her time. In the Forties the real Varga Girl was a pretty kid who maybe danced in the Zigfield Follies but dated a guy from Dartmouth (or at least so paid us) who wanted to work in radio or advertising after his discharge. A decade later her last neoclassic gone pop, the Varga Girl was in Hollywood—Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Mamie Van Doren—and was running with Frank and Dino. The group would linger in magazines a long time, but the kid really moved to film.

Why bring her back? Well, some things are so obvious that they need no justification: those among you who think that may stop ahead. Other folks need verbiage, and so for them. There are those who would say modern must be



May 1941

grown inhibited in the face of political correctness and viral contagions and, in an era nearly as sexually repressive as the Forties, has once again discovered the vital pleasures of the primp.

Finally, but we prefer to hold to a proposition more self-evident than all women are created interesting and that some of them have been endowed by their creator with certain unalloyable attributes among them the virtue of looking most alluring in a pinned-on body stocking. And we like to look so too.

Thus the primp returns. Sorry! Yes Wholesome? Sufficiently Group-resentful of the full panoply of women's qualities and virtues and complexity deceptive about the complicated, murky, baroque nature of sex? No kidding. Dopey? No more than anything associated with sex is truly? Well, that's the idea, anyway.



September 1942

"I adore the Varga Girls—their lubricious sensuality and sleekness, their hypnotic allure. They are a modern updating of the odalisque figure of French painting, who was often bathing, and in these drawings, there's also a connection between female sensuality and liquid. The women appear to be swimming, their large breasts are buoyant, and they seem to be inviting the man to dive right in. This is pre-feminist eroticism, and it's universal. It's the essence of femininity—why men are attracted to women—and the obliteration of this kind of eroticism by the Anglo-American feminist establishment is one reason for the sexual crisis we're in. Because throughout the world, in Latin America especially, the power of that sort of eroticism flourishes. And I react to them the way any red-blooded Latin American male would."

—CAMILLE PAGLIA



June 1941



October 1940



February 1941

"The Varga Girl was perfectly delicious at all times. She was exquisitely created—those endless legs, with no pelvic basin whatsoever. This vision did nothing but give pleasure, with no problems."

—ANNE HOLLANDER

1994. The Pinup Returns.

Here, we present the first in a series of photographs of beautiful women, re-creating the famous Varga Girl poses. Our inaugural subject is the lovely Amber Smith, a famous model and budding actress who will soon appear as Ryan O'Neal's mistress in the film *Faithful*. Although she has lived all her twenty-two years in Florida and has appeared in *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue, Amber doesn't swim, which is fortunate in this case, as that might cause the paint to run. Yes, paint.

Modeling by Amber Smith. Hair by Lee. Body decoration by Elmore. Paint by Alex. Props by Brenda and Foster. Makeup by Janelle for Under the Sun. Stretches by Olga Korbut. Design by T. David Goodson.



Photograph by Timothy White

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reproduction of 37" tall Vader in his
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crustacean cakes with corn and pepper relish, the grilled, marinated halibut cheeks with bacon and cheese, grits, the charbroiled mountain salmon trout with mustard potatoes, and the only steamed clams I'd ever eat outside New England. Pancake worms—Shang has seafood and noodles and seafood—come off just as well. A nice slice of Key lime or coconut cream pie should finish off the evening nicely.

Horseradish Grill

4558 POWERS FERRY ROAD
404-558-7377

THE TRADITIONS of southern cooking have been so compromised or completely ignored by Atlanta restaurant people in recent years that you'd think they were embarrassed by such once revered dishes as blue-eyed peas, gum, rice, and chicken. Praise the Lord, then, for Scott Pascoe, former chef at two Georgia golf resorts who serves those dishes and more at the Hornerdick Grill in the affluent Chastain Park neighborhood. Pascoe respects the seasonal larder and depends on the restaurant's own garden to turn out wonderful scalloped tomatoes, lime beans, radish greens and blueberry cobbler. With the benevolence of Twopenny Bence and Stephen Altemus, he has recovered, and in most cases refined the glories of southern cooking, and the place has been picked up with dressed Atlantans who take obvious pleasure in a meal of grilled mountain trout with potatoes, garlic green beans, and green onion sauce and a slice of pineapple upside-down cake with caramel ice cream. The girls with shrimp paste would make a colorful soup, and once southerners love their bloody Marys, the bar offers six varieties.



BOSTON

Providence

1301 BRACKEN STREET
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
617-832-0302

THE NAME PROVIDENCE COMES NOT from Rhode Island's capital to the south but from chef Paul O'Connell's belief that New England was indeed touched by the hand of providence and that chefs should be guided by both the region's extraordinary natural beauty and the strong ethnic strains that have made Boston's cuisine some so rich and varied. O'Connell transformed the head-bobby look of the former Dover Sea Grill into a room whose gilt-edged columns now hold up a ceiling the color of the evening sky. The walls are painted in evocative colors—mustard and celery green, as warm as autumn—and the light comes gently through the paneled French windows.

O'Connell's food is much the same—elegant yet wonderfully comforting with lots of broiled meats, creamed potatoes, and chewy textures. There's a blue-cheese and onion tartar with warm dandelion greens, an Indian-inspired garnish of red ayuam grass coated with sweet onion and crisco fatche. Russian stews on gaudy studded with Amuragac sulfured prunes and sautéed bread; potpourri like wall-baked with potato cannery dumplings, and, for dessert, a tiny sweet grapefruit and in an unusual rafe. There's no question that O'Connell follows in the footsteps of such fine Boston chefs as Jasper White, Gordon Hummel, and Todd English. But he is a unique talent upon which Providence has indeed smiled.

CHICAGO

Trio

1034 HINMAN AVENUE
KEDWICK, ILLINOIS 60630
773-328-8744

I'VE KEPT A WATCHFUL EYE on husband and wife Rick Ilanetto and Gale Glaid for some years now as they've bounced around top Chicago restaurants from Charlie Trotter's to

Bella Luna to Bici. I lost track of them when they moved to England in 1990, where they prospered—and somewhat mysteriously—a bachelorette at the Sheraton Park Hotel in Lancastershire. Having returned to take over the beloved Cafe Prosecco in Evanston, Ilanetto and Glaid are being hailed as two of Chicago's star chefs—most unlike New Yorkers claiming the Gorta in a home town—and the couple is playing up to a house packed with guests ready for just about anything. This can dish out—except that little comes on actual dishes.

Instead, the food is set on an array of surfaces you'd never imagine coming from: Mexican beef carpaccio smeared on a gray granite slab, poultry fish tartare on a marble, lobster and mashed potatoes in a mason jar. Some of this borders on the outlandish, but flavors are intense and sturdy the palate in the most engaging ways. Honey and lavender are lavished over roast squash paired with potato mounds and seared corn, medallions of veal come with fine grass, a napoleon of garlic potatoes, and dried cherry sauce, and coffee pudding is teamed up with caramel custard, set cream and pear confit. Even if this weren't so good, it might still be worth a trip to see just how far the culinary crew here can be pushed.

DALLAS

Star Canyon

2101 GARTLAND AVENUE
214-529-7021

WHEN CHEF STEPHAN FILLIS left Rowley Street Cafe (Chicago 1994), the olive-pyrric dining room where he made his reputation as a trailblazer of New Texas cuisine, few could have imagined his dazzling return to the top of Dallas's restaurant heap just eighteen months later. Whereas Rowley Street Cafe was stark, sleek and cool, his new Star Canyon is indulgent, nostalgic, and hot as a branding iron. It's really an enormous fun house down in King Ranch resort, with a square-dance main door handle in the shape of snakes, a glass wall studded with barbed wire and various lengths lamps with buckskin shades,

and Gene Autry movies showing over the hard-wood, copper-and-leather bar. The enormous 150-seat restaurant, seasons "Total" yet it is witty enough to have attracted a highly polished crowd of Dallas folk.

Pyles, who grew up cooking at his father's Truck Stop Cafe in west Texas, has gone back to his roots and gained up Texas grub just enough to suggest you without going phony. Everything is highly seasoned and comes in ranch-house portions: chili relleno pulled with smoky chicken, wild-mushroom enchiladas with ha-



Star Canyon: A Texas-style shelter filled with sweet potatoes, fillets, steak and high with red-chile salsa naps.

burrito-mango salsa rib-eye steak piled to the ceiling with red-chile onion rings, venison with sautéed pecan yams and barbecued chocolate chip, and mile-high desserts such as the chocolate cannolis with dried cherries and vanilla butter sauce. This stuff's good.

STAR CANYON: NATALIE FISH

FORT LAUDERDALE

Mark's Las Olas

1815 EAST LAS OLAS BOULEVARD
304-483-1200

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT Mark Mikalilo, at thirty-eight, one of the grand old men of New Florida cuisine—would have his hands full running the celebrated Mark's Place in Miami. But just as he wisely sensed that the fever of Miami's dining scene had broken, he also saw that Fort Lauderdale was ripe for a restaurant that would appeal to an increasingly young, upwardly mobile clientele on the peninsula for some thing a bit more chic than Charlie's Crab Bog, was he on the money.

Since opening in the dog days of August, Mark's Las Olas hasn't had an empty seat in the dining room or an empty stool at the bar. The cuisine is endlessly stylish, delicious, light and aptly the house punch made with two bands—Garcia develops liquor that resembles an "erectile wood."

With its touch use of polished marble, granite, and pure gold, to whettable color and gold accents, the decor smartly echoes the flamboyance, lack of the Floridian and Eden-like without any of their place or lush. Mikalilo's food, too,

is sumptuous without going over the edge. Here he's concentrating on deep, cooked-in flavors, especially in restaurant terms such as duck with mango-honey glaze and sweet-potato-mushroom puree. The Caribbean seafood appetizers are knock-out: crab cakes with warm bread, fried salad and avocado butter, fresh corn with mango-bacon-basil, and Skip the mussels, please and order the spicy lobster with Creole sauce and plantain wash. Then, for dessert, go for

Comebacks of the Year

MAINESTON,
CONCORD
Four four
decades, no
one questioned
that Maunette
(114 East
Bath Street;
513-721-2262)



was the best restaurant in Concord—a claim many would meet with a yawn. Yet for years, the kitchen drifted along, serving up sole meagre and chateaubriand to a clientele who chateaubriand nothing less and nothing more. So when owners Maud and Nat O'Connor took over the floundering place, they saw the low-hanging fruit on the branch. With New dishes to their restaurant's efforts, Maunette is at the forefront of grand French restaurants in the country. Chef Jean-Robert de Guille's respect for classic taste is balanced by such superb new ideas as warm sea grass with pepper and peaches on a corn cake, and roasted and smothered with Provencal vegetables, crisp onions, and garlic this.

Brewster's New Orleans
Maybe Brewster's (518 Overt
Street, 304-561-3866) never was
so good as people remember it from
the 1980s, but in recent years



has bounced back with real verve. New owners Evelyn and Ginger Brown have restored the wattle-like remnant of the main dining room, made the courtyard into the love nest in the French Quarter and fashioned a new menu under chef Harvey Lowmest that includes reimagined Creole specialties along with bright new ideas.

The real sin would be never experiencing it.



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Fantino

118 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
212-357-1360

YOU WANT GREAT TUSCAN food in New York? Go to *Da Silvana*. Long for the rich dishes of Etruscan-Romagna? Book a table at *Amoreno*. Want Italian? Go to *Il Forno d'Albraccio*. Call it down to the Village to *Enno de Michel*. For a city that already has a greater diversity of Italian food than Rome, Florence, and Naples combined, New York still shows an insatiable appetite for new Italian restaurants—the most notable of which is *Fantino*, located in, of all places, a Ritz-Carlton hotel. *Fantino* means policy—a play on the former Jockey Club that long occupied these premises—and the room attains the fantastic first floor of expensive and serene artwork and crystal chandeliers, so beloved by men with heightened libo senses.

There is nothing predictable about chef Giovanni Villota's cooking; however Villota shows a prodigious talent for adapting his never-compromising traditional Italian cuisine. He'll take a humble rice tart, muddle it with black truffles, and set it in a warm fonduta of sweet Gorgonzola. Ravioli are stuffed with aspen and baby anchovies; lamb chops are roasted in a crust of

potatoes and oranges; lobster is cooked in Basile with leeks, and a polenta and amareno semolina is enhanced with the texture of whole barley and the tang of orange peel. If you work so hot on the director of Italy's dishes as far the rest of the decade, put your money on *Fantino*.



Gramercy Tavern

40 EAST TWENTYFIFTH STREET
212-477-0777

NOT RECENTLY WAS MORE eight years ago, when this year then Gramercy Tavern, and none has been tougher to get into since it opened back in July. Owner Davey Meyer's first restaurant, Union Square Cafe, had had much to do with changing the notion that great food and wine could be had only at great price and get some, and has got attention to every detail that could make a customer happy is legendary. These virtues have now been transferred to the \$1 million Gramercy Tavern, which carries the general traditions of the Gramercy Park neighborhood to modern concepts of cuisine and wine service. The dining rooms are large, with old ceilings, yet the tables are sparsely arranged so that dining will feel grand. The bar, on the other hand, with its eighty-five menu of fruits and vegetables, is as generous as a college oven.

Chef Sam Colicchio's menu reflects the same compatibility of classic good taste and innovative ideas: sweet corn soup dotted with smoked salmon; sautéed cod and brandade with Provençal vegetable confit; roasted squash with fava beans, sage, and crispy onions.



David Machado, Pease, Portland, Oregon

Ray Brinsman, the Executive at Meadowood Resort, St. Helena, California

Arnold Rosman, Flamingo Jack Cafe, San Francisco

Bill Buckner, the Belvedere, Beverly Hills

Matthew Kenney, Matthew's, New York

Karen Ryan, Pease, Washington, D.C.

Paul Loebke, Maes, Chicago



Overfriendly Restaurant of the Year

At Bertolotti's in Atlanta, waiters wear their names on crayon on the paper tablecloths.

craps, and ambrosia desserts such as peach cobbler. Toss with a sweet-bell syrup and cracked-pepper ice cream. The wine list is about as user-friendly as might be wished for, and the impeccably maintained, very popular selection of cheeses has already spoiled one occasion around town.

The Markham

30 FIFTH AVENUE
212-645-8301

THIS IS ONE STARK PLACE: Bar Thelma Chatter Merce Green looks at books in the rear Edward Hopper would have painted it. Yet the Markham has increased a wider swath of New York society than almost any restaurant this year. The downtown crowd with its discreet tastes and

Doc-wot Herman harnesses the up-town girls in their linen shells, a slew of fashion models—all give the place a visibility that grants restaurants would kill for. The appeal seems to be that the Markham evokes a time and a mood when New York had famous newspapers,

three baseball teams and supper clubs where everyone knew the difference between a martini and a Gibson. In fact, the 18th townhouse was once a speakeasy. Later a rock 'n' roll club, and then a Cuban nightclub before becoming the Markham earned inceptibility after a 1950s hybrid club and Edwin Markham, whose unresolvable poem "The Man with the Hoe," has in its clarity (above the explanation of farm workers).



Worst New Restaurant Name

Los de Cris, Los Angeles

The Marlinson might have failed fast were it not for chef Mark Spiergen's food, inspired in many ways by the menu of the late, lamented Coach House. The simply won't find better versions of such American classics as oyster-planked salmon with house-grown and garlic-chive mashed potatoes, rabbit stew on egg noodles with cornstarch and mushrooms, corn-and-corn chowder, and a beefy New York strip with perfect french-fried potatoes and buttered-broiled onion rings. The gingery-sweet with apricots served in order and the lemon tart with toasted almond sauce will stir memories of the heyday of Schraff's lunch counters.

Nobu

308 KUDOH STREET
312-415-9406

NEW YORK HAS ALWAYS drawn the best culinary talent in the world—never more so than in 1994. And with the opening of Nobu in Tribeca, it has Nobuyuki Matsuhisa, a master chef whose modern Beverly Hills storefront, Matsuhisa (Closed 1993), has long been regarded as the finest Japanese restaurant in this country.

Restaurant extraordinaire Drew Nieporent, together with Robert DeNiro and film producer Mira Toppo, have given Matsuhisa a space about ten times larger than his L.A. eatery and backed him up with a first-rate Japanese crew so that Matsuhisa himself can go back and forth between his restaurants. The family emcee, with his copper-helmed armbands and high-collared, seemingly held up by brick-and-mortar and two-by-four struts, has a long white hair and well-spaced tables and booths. Check the menu, which is bewildering in its choice of delicacies, and allow Matsuhisa to send out the evening's specials. You'll be duly amazed, not only by the velvety smooth and clear flavors of his sushi and sashimi, but by brilliant little jewels such as steamed shrimp with caviar, crisp, buttery soft-shell crab rolls, squid pasta with garlic sauce, and barbecued freshwater eel. That is cooking at a very high level, yet nothing is so exotic as to intermingle even a conservative appetite. And the

waters are so informed and helpful that you won't have to ask your companions, "How do I eat this thing?"

Don't skip dessert, either. The orange tart with butter chocolate sorbet is a knockout.

Picholine

35 WEST SIXTYFOURTH STREET
212-724-9955

IN THE PAST DECADE, good new restaurants on Manhattan's Upper West Side have been scarier than new Hemingway novels. *Picholine* would be a remarkable addition to any neighborhood, but since it sits just a stone's throw from Lincoln Center, it distinguishes itself as the best dining room to open in that neck of the woods in a long, long time.

It would have been easy enough for chef-owner Tommaso Benvenuti, formerly of Post Post (Closed 1993), to succeed merely by putting bone-fat Provençal, Iberian, and Italian standards like braised duck, pasta, and creamy artichoke on his menu. Instead, he has taken the flavors and ingredients of the wide-ranging Mediterranean palate and created his own signature dishes. Moroccan-spiced spiced squash with date-studded couscous and chardonnay vinaigrette, duck-and-wild mushroom risotto with balsamic squash, and roast saddle pig with sage-infused polenta dotted with sweet peas and butter broccolini ribs. His roasted whole pompano with fennel-garlic potatoes and herb-virgin olive oil is a discourse on how simplicity can reach the sublime.

Be prepared to wait for wonderful breads, perfumed olives, and an array of desserts that will have you already swiveling on your way to the Met.

PHILADELPHIA

City Tavern

110 ACORN SECOND STREET
215-412-0432

ONE OF THE CARDINAL RULES of eating out is never to set foot in a place that uses the words "It Obeys" in its name. If you do, you'll be forced to order things like Liberty bar-

gers and Poor Richard's omelet served up by gods in stockings and breeches, announcing, "Greetings, would anyone like a lobster?" The shallow commemoration of such places makes the authenticity of City Tavern all the more remarkable, for young proprietor Walter Stach has devoted himself to making this commemoration as close as possible to taste and spirit to the original 1773 tavern where the signing of the U.S. Constitution was celebrated. Every item on the menu might well have been served to regulars like Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and George Washington.

Chef Derek Barilo shows just how splendidly our forefathers must have dined on such savory dishes as West Indian pepper-pot soup, grilled saddle sausage with sweet and sour cabbage, turkey stew, roast duck with peach chutney, and roast quail with mushroom and bread stuffing. Raspberry colander and English trifle carry the theme through to a fire-thrill. The tavern has an extraordinary range of beers and ales, and for once, the period dress on the staff seems absolutely right and proper.

RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR

Striped Bass

1000 WALNUT STREET
313-570-4444

STRIPED BASS IS A RESTAURANT that tells you when you walk in that you are at the center of something. The space itself, reclaimed from a former brokerage house with twenty-eight-foot ceilings, multicolored windows, and marble pillars, retains a genteel grace and power that has drawn the city's smartest-looking clientele, ready

to pay top dollar for food they can't get anywhere else in town. They settle easily into banquets bounded by bar-mashed mythology and watch chef Alex Barschik and her staff cook from an open kitchen, over which hangs a massive four-metal sculpture of a restaurant's runaround.

All the best restaurants are gamblers, and when Neil Stern and Joe Wolf opened Striped Bass, they bet

cooking in the next decade. Grilled octopus with anchovies, tomato, and olive salad, salt-cured grilled swordfish with lemongrass, coconut, and plum-chips, Moroccan baked pompano, and macadamia-crusted grouper with black beans, pineapple salsa, and aromatic rice are examples of her enormous talent.

For its grandeur and beauty for its superb and novel cuisine and for a new cuisine that has

been there in the country before taking over the kitchen at San Francisco's hypersensitive Cypress Club, where its food was required to be as excessive and unloosened as the decor. His oyster ended back home in Portland with the opening of Wildwood—a luxurious restaurant full of smooth, uncluttered lines and surfaces, stone and polished wood with tables made from Douglas fir and a glass and ceramic main in homage to James Beard, as other local boy who made good.

Wildwood has been a smash since the day it opened last May, as if Portlanders were just waiting for such a place to focus the city's burgeoning restaurant scene. Striped Bass's food is vivacious and hearty: potato cakes with Daengens crab, slow-roasted round over a wood fire with saffron and grilled bread, equal with blackberry vinaigrette, Alaskan halibut with rose geranium and olive tapenade, and grilled salmon with baked stuffed oysters and sweet-corn salad—dishes that taste the way you fantasize that food should taste in the Pacific Northwest. Add luscious fruit-based desserts by native Portlander Nancy Berman and a selection of wines that will persuade you of the Northwest's vinicultural strides and you'll come away wanting to eat here every night you're in town.



Striped Bass: Topping the honors list with potent pleasures with crab and mango, a whole baked pompano, and a varied swordfish with lemongrass and coconut.

that Philly, after years in the doldrums, was on the rebound. With some fine new architecture and a splendid convenience corner downstairs, with the renovation of historic neighborhoods and the Reading Terminal Market, Philadelphia was primed for a status upgrade. And a city's spirit can only get an added boost from a great new restaurant like Striped Bass.

The menu here is as solidified—not a lamb chop or chicken bone in the place. Working with the best current American culinary ideas and an extraordinary array of ingredients, Barschik is showing the direction for seafood

helped energize this beautiful old city. Striped Bass is my pick for Restaurant of the Year.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Wildwood

2121 NORTHWEST TWENTY FIRST AVENUE
503-248-9985

THIS IS CODE ACHIEVEMENT'S accomplishment. Leaving his family's eighty-year-old Portland restaurant, Dan or Louis Oyster Bar, Schreiber moved under some of the

PROVIDENCE

L'Epiceuro

915 ATTWELL AVENUE
401-455-6430

I TOOK THE dawning of a river, the construction of canals, and the graceful redecoration of the downtown place and train station to do it, but Providence has emerged as the Winner of New England. Now with the opening of L'Epiceuro, the city has an Italian restaurant to bolster the claim.

Another Maize Moment

Roast omelette with garlic and cream at Victor & Eddie's in New York.

In fact, with the celebrated Al Forno (*Cheers!* 1994) across town, Providence can boast that it has two of the best Italian restaurants on the East Coast.

Located up on Federal Hill—Provi-

dence and scented poiana, is creamy and cooked to perfect tenderness, freshly made macaroni are stuffed with lobster and served with scallops in a four cheese sauce. And like the marvelous breads

full design—Peg City Diner and Porcini in San Francisco, Chopin in Atlanta, Pappas in Chicago—are each one of a kind, so is the new Boulevard, which he co-owns. Kalem believes that a restaurant must capture a person rather than intimidate him and that diners must embrace rather than over-whelm the food and service. At Boulevard, he has fashioned a long, slender, two tiered dining room with an inviting entrance done in mosaic tiles. Tables and analog chairs are set next to bay windows that look out onto one of SoMa's freshest street corners and to the bay beyond. A long marble eating counter fronts an open kitchen, and the whole place exudes what Kalem calls industrial art nouveau, which gives the room a timeless quality of variegated surfaces—wood, wrought iron, paper, and plenty of flowers.

Boulevard is Kalem's homage to chef Nancy Oakes, whose tiny L'Avenue had long been among the city's favorite neighborhood eateries. Now, with a lot more chairs and a lot more help in the kitchen, Oakes has the freedom and resources to show off her flair for such dishes as spruce-topped pork loin in apple-burbon glaze and citrus sauce, rare steaks wrapped in eggplant, a crunchy soft-shell crab BLT sandwich, and old-fashioned veggie food cake with strawberry sorbet.

Liberté

545 GUTTER STREET
415-392-3700

AFTER YEARS OF SHOWING people that she could cook at top times in hurry-munch any style she chose, Elise Gilson has taken the liberty of cooking exactly as she pleases—and that pleases an awful lot of people. Back in L.A., she did some of the best California-French food of the 1980s in Carnation, then cooked up some fine southwestern fare at Turbotown. Two years ago she dazzled San Francisco at Elia in the Napa Hotel with her marriage of French and Japanese cuisines. But you sense that the Provencal-inspired dishes on her menu at Liberté are what she really wants her fare to eat: roasted morefish with dandelion greens and garlic prosciutto, filet of beef with as an

and focaccia, desserts such as apple tart or strawberry butters, green are as honey as they are irresistible.

SAN FRANCISCO

Boulevard

1 MISSION STREET
415-343-0334

THE MARK OF EVERY great architect is his refusal to replicate a design, no matter how successful it is. This resolve is what distinguishes the work of Pat Kalem, whose influen-



Boulevard: Rare steaks with eggplant, burger with strawberry sorbet, and a soft-shell crab BLT sandwich—all with a fine view of San Francisco Bay.

dence's Little Italy—L'Epicureo is on the site of a famous leather shop owned by Joe DiCagno, whose daughter Rosina and son-in-law Tom Budinger have made it over into a romantic, draped-in-lace restaurant where they all eat and rent the prime meats to order. Here, the rib eyes and chops, cooked over charcoal and wood and served with grilled vegetables and potatoes, are among the best you'll ever eat. The Maine lobsters are wood-grilled and served with arugula and rosemary salad; scented poiana is blended with miso-caper and garlic, then doused with wild mushroom sauce, pumped up with chicken stock



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ang-scanned marrow and bean ragout, sautéed sweetbreads with truffled asparagus, and legs poached in champagne, then served with horseradish, cream and lavender. Prices are remarkably low, and to make it all the more affordable. Libere offers a special wine list with no bottle over twenty dollars.

Libere's atmosphere, setting is far more open and airy than you might expect, and it shines with metallic colors. The walls curve, there's a grand fireplace, and the all-star light fixture around you of the touch of the Statue of Liberty the gift of France from which Gilman took the name for her superb new restaurant.

Rubicon

361 SACRAMENTO STREET
415-424-4110

IT'S BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE any chef in San Francisco dared describe his or her food as "California cuisine," reserving that pejorative to indicate the kind of midrange place restaurants will found here, and then in L.A. No, San Francisco chefs are shamelessly going back to precepts set down by Alice Waters back in 1971, when she opened Chez Pense, which in turn was patronized after the simple, careful cooking of the good women of Provence.

One of the good women of San Francisco involved in this evolution of taste is Thae De Jandra, whose hearty full-flavored cuisine—with its slow braising and roasting, its infatuation with such voluptuous ingredients as fat goat and chutney, and its gloriously simple signature items, such as seared scallops on truffled sautéed potatoes—is the kind of cooking that will never go out of style and will never be more famous. I like to think that if I return to Rubicon in ten years, I'll find the legs of lamb with eggplant, pure cannelloni, the stuffed loin of rabbit with polenta and porcini, the grilled John Dory with braised onions and celery, and posy chef

Elizabeth Fifer's chocolate tart with macadamia nut crust.

Add to such radiant food a dose of celebrity power, including restaurateur Thae De Jandra, actors Robert DeNiro and Robin Williams, and director Francis Ford Coppola (whose Rubicon Vineyard gives the restaurant its name), and you've got one of the big hits of the season.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Coco Loco

410 SEVENTH STREET NW
202-219-0316

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES: You may find great dishes in restaurants in Mexico and Brazil, but rarely will you eat a great meal. Oddly enough, it's taken one of America's finest French chefs, Yannick Carré, and Italian restaurateur Savino Baccini to combine Brazilian and Mexican cuisines at Coco Loco with an exuberance and authority you're not likely to encounter in Paulo Villalva or Ilao. Even if the food wasn't so good, it would be worth dropping in to Coco Loco for its spectacular show, an unfolding use of tropical colors and lights, its grand buffet, and its sexy bar, where, after 10 p.m., the champagne flows, the samba music begins, and Coco Loco turns into D.C.'s hottest club. But once you sample the myriad Mexican tapas—mushrooms turn with corn, peppers, and cream, stuffed pasta with chicken, grilled tomatoes, and poblano chile sauce, quail with sword Swiss chard, parmesan garlic shrimp on black Mexican rice—you'll conclude that this is unusual food with enormous energy.

But hold on. Next comes the most even Brazilian churrasco. A waiter brings to your table dozens of sizzling, self-basted loins of beef, lamb, and pork, and carves off gorgeous, juicy

Best Found Art

A sign at Atlanta's Java Jive (formerly's Macdonalds!) YOU'LL LIKE OUR BIG PLUFFY DUTCH

Most Obnoxious Restaurant Concept of the Year

When it opened last winter, New York's Privé announced that it would permit in only those to whom it had mailed black-pinstripe "preferred reservation" cards.

slabs to your liking. You dip morsels in a vinaigrette, then a seasoned flour called *jeune*, take a forkful of asparagus "popcorn" rice and a bite of fried potatoes, sip an icy Brazilian Kinga beer, and sit there delicious with pleasure.

Kinkad's

2001 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE NW
202-294-1700

BUT KINKAD HAS LEARNED well the lessons of supply-side economics. In the days when lobbyist-layers, and Washington fix reporters could wine and dine congressmen and deduct every penny, Kinkad's raffish, expensive Twenty-one Federal was full and thriving. Then came the recession: eat with the expert, accounts, and down went Twenty-one Federal. Happily, Kinkad has rebounded with a far more affordable—and much less pretentious—venue with his name on it. His food, which once seemed derivative and trendy, is now more personal and winning. Watching him command his crew in the open kitchen, you sense that he really loves to cook and eat this food himself, not just sell with passion and skill. Cold charles with parley butter, monkfish with dill and chorizo. Fortunately, he's also kept his signature beautifully dusted, grilled squid with creamy polenta on the menu. As you can see, Kinkad clearly favors solid food, but there's nothing to criticize about his lamb with garlic in a reduction of port, pork and market. Nor is anyone likely to find flesh with the almond cake and warm pear compote with bourbon ice cream or the chocolate dacquoise with cappuccino sauce.

Kinkad is very busy. He's running away business. And he seems not happy the way things turned out. ■



PURE SURPRISE.

SMIRNOFF.

How to kill off Redford and Newman, turn Laurence Olivier into a tooth-torturer, and hobble a hero without making moviegoers gag: some tricks of the screenwriter's trade, from a new book by **WILLIAM GOLDMAN**



Butch Cassidy and the Nazi Dentist

Movies are centrally, crucially, primarily about one thing only: story.

This is not to say I proke *Die Hard* to *The Seventh Seal*. But you had better give a shit about that Knight's adventures, his chess battle with Death, had better want him to win, had better be locked into his travels, or the movie is just another exercise in style that we can't remember if we saw or not.

Movies must tell a compelling story or they stop existing in our minds. Stanley Kubrick once said this: "A good story is a miracle." If by good story he meant, oh, may be something with an interesting premise that develops logically and builds to a satisfying and surprising climax.

Do you know how hard that is?

It just kills us, people who try to tell stories to survive. Maybe once, maybe two or three times in a lifetime, we get away with it, have the experience of riding confidently atop our material, not praying we can skirt our way clear of the falseness, the tricks we hope work so you won't turn away from us with the moviegoer's equivalent of scorn, which is boredom.

I've gotten away with it a few times. Once with a movie called *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which I'll discuss a little here (Once with a movie called *The Princess Bride*, which I won't). I'm not attributing quality to either of them—I would never do that to anything I've written—but I can look at those two and say, I don't give a fuck what you think, these are *stays*.



Buddy pictures: Giamatti and Neeson (opposite) and Larry and David

BUTCH: YOU MUST KILL ALL YOUR DARLINGS

BUTCH WAS THEIR STORY first—these two guys traveling together for years and drinking over countries and continents, finally going down wildly outnumbered, in Bolivia. They had done what F. Scott said you couldn't do, be American and have a second act in life, because when they fell they were legends again: as famous in South America in 1935 as they had been in their great days in the Old West during the late of the nineteenth century.

I was moved when I first read about them, always will be. Have no idea really why. Today, their journey is familiar. When I began, maybe ten people since had the least idea who they were. When a great success happens—this movie was actually that—the most gratifying aspect of it for me is that what I thought was a glorious piece of nonsense turns out to be the same for people around the world. It is, if you will, a validation of my sense of story.

One of the great true Cassidy stories was when he was young and in jail in Wyoming. I think it was and he came up for parole and the governor met with him and said, "I'll parole you if you'll promise to go straight."

And Butch thought a moment, and then he said, "I can't do that."

In the stunned silence he went on, "But I'll make a deal with you. If you'll let me out, I promise never to work in Wyoming again."

And the governor took the deal.

And Butch never robbed in Wyoming again.

From today, that's probably the best character introduction I've ever come across. When I was researching the story, reading whatever I could find, I knew this was how we would meet Butch. And that kind of building block is essential when you're stumbling through material, trying to get a grip on the best way for you to tell this particular story. The entire posse chase, almost half an hour of screen time, was only writable for me because I knew the Sundance Kid couldn't swim, something I'd read was true of a lot of western figures of that period. I don't know how it is for others but building up confidence is the single hardest battle I face every day of my life.

Anyway, I had this wonderful governor anecdote. And a full-on of the movie. (It's included in the pre-quel *Butch and Sundance: The Early Cops*, which Allen Burns wrote and Richard Lester directed, a nice movie that I suggest you rent because I know you haven't seen it because no body saw it when it was in release.)

It works there because they were kids when that movie takes place. But I couldn't use it because it was off the spine. The movie I wrote was about these two legends who be over legends all over again in a different country. I had no time to get young Butch arrested, jailed, and then offered pardon. And no governor with a stiff in indecision is going to release the most famous outlaw of his time. Maybe you can figure out a way to fit it in. I sure wanted to, and I sure couldn't. Frustrated and that. In writing, you must kill all your darlings. I'm not sure I totally subscribe to that, but I do believe that you had damn well better be willing to



Fatal choreography: David Newman and Robert Redford go out with a healthy end tag.

A brief word about what follows:

The standard screenplay form is not only unworkable, it is something far worse: it is wrong. All those capital letters and numbers that stop our eyes and destroy any chance at narrative flow have nothing to do with writing. They are for the other technicians when the movie is actually in production so they will know what scenes they are doing that day. "Oh, look, guys, we're shooting scenes 124, 125, and 126 today." I have never used them, hate them, always will.

I try to make my screenplays as readable as expressions as I can, for a good and goodly reason: I want the executives who read them and who have the power to green light a flick to say "They did this, wasn't such a bad read, I can make money out of it."

Trust me. All I want the movies we write to get made. The screenplay is a limited form, as the screen is limited, as plays are limited, and as the epic poem and the novel are not. We cannot ramble. We are hemmed in by length. We do not handle aging well. If we attempt philosophical dialogue, we empty theaters. In fact, any dialogue that doesn't push is along is suspect.

If a character cries at length to tell us who he is, if he paez stands there and talks, there is no law on earth that says we have to sit there and listen. And we won't. We can get popcorn, take a pee, smoke, whisper, leave. We can do any number of things, but the one thing we won't do is listen.

It gets harder and harder today to put new events on old events, which is a great part of the screenwriter's task. We do it as skillfully and hopefully as we can. But that damn audience is watching us. Tomorrow today we must move on a year—it doesn't even appear on the tube—into anyone of my generation now in the first twenty years of life. We have an audience today that is more knowledgeable than any audience has ever been. One of the great car-by movie lies was simply of a cow eating grass. I don't

think My Pastors would green-light that today.

This is a moment from the *Bach* comedy screenplay. At the end, they are trapped and out of ammunition. Bach has to run to get more while Sundance covers him. They are surrounded by a lot of Bolivian policemen, who are shooting at them.

CUT TO
BUTCH, screaming, diving again, then up, and the bullets landing around him aren't even close as

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, whirling and spinning, continuing to fire and

CUT TO
SEVERAL POLICEMEN, dropping for safety behind the wall and

CUT TO
BUTCH, really moving now, dodging, diving, up again and

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, flinging away one gun, grabbing another from his holster, continuing to run and

CUT TO
TWO POLICEMEN, firing, being downed to the ground and

CUT TO
BUTCH, letting out a snarl, then launching into another dive forward and

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, whirling, but you never know which way he's going to spin and

CUT TO
THE HEAD POLICEMAN, cursing, forced to drop for safety behind the wall and

CUT TO
BUTCH, racing to the mules, and then he is there, gulping at the near snarl for ammunition and

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, throwing the second gun away, reaching into his holster for another, continuing to spin and fire and

CUT TO
BUTCH, and he has the ammunition now and

CUT TO
ANOTHER POLICEMAN, screaming as he falls and

CUT TO
BUTCH, his arms loaded, tearing away from the mules, and they're not even coming close to him as they fire, and the mules are behind him now as he runs and cuts and cuts again going full out and

CUT TO
THE HEAD POLICEMAN, cursing hysterically at what is happening and

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, whirling faster than ever and

CUT TO
BUTCH, dodging and cutting, and as a pattern of bullets opens up on his body, he sometimes lies there, blood pouring out

CUT TO
SUNDANCE, running toward him and

CUT TO
ALL THE POLICEMEN, rising up from behind the wall now, firing and

CUT TO
SUNDANCE as he falls

You can say that it isn't Shakespeare, and I would agree with you. But can you say a lot of interesting things about it, and I would probably agree with you. But there is one thing I can say about it that you cannot disagree with and that is this: *It's brilliant*.

Twenty-six
Three hundred words
Why did I do that? Look, that's a famous action scene.

But it wasn't a famous scene when I wrote it. It was the first movie original of my life. I was in a new and strange screen. That's the peak of my story. All those years of research of trying to figure out what the story should be, that's all-consuming here. I was killing my heroes, for Christ's sake, and I didn't fucking want to look any.

When I wrote a screenplay, more than anything else I want this: I want to control your eye.

And this one, I think, I managed to pull it off. Which is the best that a screenwriter can do even if it doesn't actually earn you immortality. Not long ago, I was having dinner alone before a Keweenaw at Quattro. For my favorite French bistro, when one of the waiters came over.

The staff there is mostly young-writers, actors. This guy and he had just seen a movie I wrote, *The French Bride*, and was saying how much he liked it, and of course I was pleased, and I thanked him and said it was one of my two favorites, that and *Bach*.

He kind of looked at me
"Bach, Candy?" I said
Gabe

"Bach, Candy and the Sundance Kid. It's a western."

I don't know that, I think, "It's a western?"

After my small shock, I realized there was no reason he should know that, came out before he was born. We smoke into people's nightmares for only a very short time—one gets to snarl in. They move, no matter how it is received, usually, is but a blip on the screen. At, alas, we are all.

MARATON MAN: REVISITING DR. MENGLO

I OTHER ENDED A NOVEL WITH THE WORDS that life was material—everything was material, you just had to live long enough to see how to use it. I believed that then, still do, and it is certainly one of a scene I wrote in

Melancholia (in 1973) but that began life thirty-five years ago, in the top of my brain in the name of illness.

That began when I first encountered Meyer Cohn (not his real name).

A handsome man, a good and loving father, pillar of the community, had fallen well into old age. I didn't care. I heard him because I was eight years old, and thought it may seem funny for one human to dislike another over something as trivial as this—so I did. The son of a bitch scared me. Here he. Made me scream. Made me cry.

Cohn, read I did, was a dentist.
Cohn, did not believe in necrosis.
Half a century after I escaped him, I can still see him in his white jacket, his knee on my chest (he kept it), doing these awful things. He explained the knee to my mother by

saying that I had a very strong tongue and needed to be firmly held down. We lived in a neighboring street now, and I used to beg not to go back, like the more amazing neighbors. Didn't work. (Anybody under forty years knew this, but the only thing in the universe that has improved on that work is dentistry.) Eventually my family found a fellow classmate, and Cohn's last plan in memory. (Bach, 1973), and I was writing a novel—a thriller. Now, it is a thriller very much like the novel I started with Josef Mengele, the most methodically sinister of the Nazis (on M.D. plus a Ph.D.) And I knew this: I needed to get back to America. But why in the world would he come? Mengele, when I began fiddling with this story was either alive in South America or had been alive in South America, choose one. Living secretly or publicly I chose publicly.

But this was one of the brilliant minds of my generation. Why would he be so dumb as to risk his world to visit America? I was reading the papers one day when the answer came. An American doctor, in Cleveland I think, had begun doing a revolutionary operation—heart-throb surgery—and people were screaming in love all over the world. Mengele would be among the ready.

I have always had an unrequited flame when it comes to narrative, and here was just another brilliant example. Mengele would come to Cleveland for surgery. Mengele had to come to America, the reasoning was rock solid. I had scored another coup.

One day, I was just walking around—I get a lot of ideas just walking around—when reality thudded home. Schmidt, what kind of a villain is he if he's so fucking frail he needs heart surgery? And what kind of a thriller do you have if the villain is already dead? *Albino!*

I don't know if it's one for other writers, but for me, when a piece of material becomes urgent, there is only a certain window of time in which it can be put down. If that passes, the window shut, the material is dead, and forever. I had never had a very thriller, avoided the standard lack of confidence, and felt a certain sense of purpose setting in.

Then I read an article about how some Nazi leaders had accumulated great fortunes by knocking the teeth out of their prisoners and making the gold down, or taking goods from their colonies, whose desperate men and women had been trading their valuables for contraband. It all fell in place. The name, *Reich*, I chose from the great conductor—just saying it made me feel sadistic. The reason for wanting to get his diamonds. The only man he wanted—his father—the man who had been in charge of the finance in America, is killed in a car crash in the opening.

So Reich has a doctor, a monster, a Nazi, but I wanted worse. I wanted more—so blow you. Meyer Cohn, because Reich became one afternoon, suddenly and forever, a dentist. I had my villain. And I knew he had to torture someone because I remembered the pressure from my childhood, being helpless in the dark with this knife forcing me down, unmerciful of any pain.

But, the hero (David Hoffman in the film; Oliver played the dentist), appeared because I had become obsessed with this notion. When if someone close to you was something totally different from who you thought? In the story, Hoffman thinks his brother (Ray Schenck) is a brain surgeon, whereas the reality is that the man is a spy—who has been involved with the Nazi Reich.

Once I had that, the rest was essentially missing and reaching, figuring out the surprises, hoping they would work. [You never know I don't] anyway. Scene is true of something you're facing. Each time out in pain in scary I wish it weren't so, but there it is.) So now I had my current, my rehearsal, and my victim, and early on in the novel I gave Babe a toothache. At the time I was thinking that was the book. I went to see my girl, got a wonderful periodontist, a joy. He never hurts people, plays Bach on the sofa, is fascinated with restaurants as I am!

We are talking of a genuinely kind and decent human being.

He asks what I am writing, and when I am about to leave, I tell him and mentions that Babe has a cavity and what I am about to do to her—

and—

and I will never forget the look that dropped onto his face.

"Oh, no," he said quietly, his eyes all dreamy. "No Bill. Forget the cavity. You went pain. You want people, undergarment pain, your pain that would make you want to die. Bill, listen to me—has her drill me a body tooth?"

On and on this sweet man went, talking to me of the glory of anguish, of how it would be impossible to keep any secret if someone were drilling into a few, unquenching tooth. I have rarely been more frightened. Here this sweet fellow I'd known for twenty years was Jerry! Hygiene I watched He wouldn't stop. The level of agony would be unsurpassable. Death would be preferable. The memory of being destroyed in the chair would never leave you.

He'll still say girls say that now I get nervous when we're alone.

In 1993, years after the book and the movie, I was in Los Angeles when I got a couple of pain that I knew meant not cancel. I chose to ignore it, hoped it would stay harmless until the end of the week, when I could get back to New York. It didn't. I asked around, got a specialist, went to see him. This fellow worked in an office of specialists who long relied out of non-surgical gear I am in the chair, he started to work.

And to chat. "What brings you to Los Angeles?" he starts, and I already know the—you should pardon the expression—drill. When asked, I rather lie and say I tell him friends or tell the truth. "Which is no fun because I am uneasy too to be giving my anal, which is how that scenario totally ends. I decide to buy time.

"Business?"

"And what kind of business might that be?"

The crossroads question. I go for it. "I'm a writer."

"What kind of writing is it that you do?"

Best. "Books and screen."

"Hmmm, interesting." And now the most hand question of all. "What movies have you written that I might have seen?" [Of course, they haven't seen any.]

I am totally in his power, understanding. Told my back. He is a big man and seems barely listening over me. To tell with it, I decide. Go for the gold.

"Mission: Impossible. Book the book and the movie."

Pause.

The information registers. Berry doesn't look either of the two. Curious, known. Mission: Impossible. "Excuse me," he says. He goes, but also a while he comes back, gently works at my mouth until he is done. I thank him. Get up to go.

And as I walk out the hallway, I see this whole corridor of doctors, all of them staring at me from their cubicles. He had told them all whom he was punishing. I was not used to the attention. All their eyes staring at me. I was within the orbit of the star, finally.

Everyone in the movie business is a man fixator. Never happened like that to me before, never since. But right then, at last, I was twinkling.

MISSION: WARREN BEATTY SAVES THE DAY

I GOT A CALL FROM BOB REINER saying he was interested in this book by Stephen King and wondering if I would read it. He became interested when Andy Schatzman, Reiner's producer, read it on a plane and wondered who owned the movie rights. The book had been published for a while, was a number one novel, standard for King.

They found out it hadn't been sold—not for any lack of effort but because King wouldn't sell it. He had finished most of the movie, made from his work and didn't want Mary. Perhaps his friend, Hollywooded up.

Reiner called him, and they talked. Now, one of the movies made from his fiction that King did like was *Shogun* by Michael Ondaatje. The conversation ended with King saying, reiner, he would sell it, but he would have to get a lot of money and Reiner would have to agree to water down or direct it.

Reiner, who had no intention of directing, agreed. He would produce. He called me. I read Mary I had read enough of King to know this. Of all the producers who have appeared in the past decades, King is the stylist. If he ever chooses to leave the world that has made him the most successful writer in memory he won't break a sweat. The rest can write anything, he is that gifted.

Mary is about a female author who has a terrible car crash during a blizzard and is rescued by a nurse. Who turns out to be his number one fan. Who also turns out to be very crazy. And who keeps him prisoner in her out-of-the-way Colorado home. It all ends badly for them both [worse for her]. I was having a fine old time reading it. Too a novelist, so I identified with Paul Sheldrake, who is not just ripped with a nut but also trapped by his own fear of losing someone. And Anne Wilson, the nurse/producer, is one of King's best creations.

When I do an adaptation, I have to be lucky by the source material. One of the ways I work is to read that material again and again. And it's odd I like it a lot going in, that becomes too awful. I wasn't sure I'd say through it. I would want the movie, but I was enjoying the hell out of the novel.

Then, on page 10, the hobbling scene begins.

Paul Sheldrake has managed to get out of the bedroom in his wheelchair. He has gotten back in time to have looked Anne Wilson. That was more than a little important to her because Anne was not the kind of lady you would not read in a novel.

Except, actually, she does know and in the next fifteen pages, what scene.

I remember thinking, Jesus, what in the world will the end of Anne be a welcome surprise. What in her head? She talks to Paul about his behavior, and then she eventually works her way around to the Kimberly diamond mines and asks him how he thinks they come workers there who steal the merchandise. Paul says, "I don't know,

bill, yes, I suppose," And Anne says, "Oh, no, they hobble them."

And then, all for the need of love, she takes a purple tooth and an ax and cuts his feet off and says, "Now you're hobbled" when the deed is done.

I could not fucking believe it.

I mean, I knew she wasn't going to tickle him with a peach fork, but I never dreamed such behavior was possible. And I knew I had to write the movie. That scene would linger in audience's memories as I knew it would linger in mine.

The next half-year or so is taken up with various versions of the screenplay, and I work with Reiner and Schatzman, the best producer I have ever known for script. We finally have a version they okay, and we go director hunting. Our first choice is George Roy Hill, and he says yes. Nervous.

Then Hill calls and says he is changing his mind. We all meet. And Hill, who has never in his life done anything like this, explains "I was up all night, and I just could not bear myself saying 'Action' on that scene. I just haven't got the sensitivity to do that scene."

"What scene?" (I am in agony—I desperately want him to do it. He is a tough, scruffy, brilliant, sturdy presence.)

"The hobbling scene."

"What weakness is that? What's the problem?"

"The scene where the lips hit feet off." "George, how can you be so wrong? That is not a hobbling scene, that is a hobbling scene. And it is great, and it is the reason I took this movie, and she only does it out of love."

"Goldman, do the lips hit feet off?" he says. "And I can't direct that."

"It's the best scene in the movie when the hobble him. It's a character scene, for Chameleon."

He would not budge. And, of course, once it was the most important scene and the best scene, it had to stay. And, and, and. We were about to send the script to Barry Levinson when Rob said, "To hell with it. I'll direct it myself."

And so the hobbling scene fell onto my lap.

Because Hill has a brilliant movie mind and you must pay attention. Rob had no problem directing the scene. But what if George was right? Of course, so-called hobbling scene was a character scene, unlike anything yet filmed, and it was great, and it was the reason I took the picture and it had to stay.

Still, we asked people. A poll was taken at Carle Rock, informally of anyone who had read the script. Rob would keep me almost in New York. "A good day for the hobblers today—three screenwriters and leave a scene." That wasn't exactly verbatim, but you get the idea.

Enter Warren Beatty. Beatty understands the workings of the town. I think better than anyone. He has been a force for thirty-five years and has been in an amazing number of flops, and whenever his career seems a tad shaky, he produces a wonderful movie or directs a wonderful movie and is safe for another half-decade.

For a short while, Beatty was interested in playing Paul Rob and Andy met with him a lot, and it spiced a day there



Tasteful mayhem: Kirby (left), stars Monaghan, actors James Caan and Warren Beatty.

when the hobbling scene came up. Beatty's point was that he had no trouble living his first at the bedside. But know that if you did that, the guy would be crippled for life and would be a loser.

It was a great scene, a character scene, the reason I took this movie, and it had to stay so it was. Caan continued. I went on vacation as we were about to start, and while I was gone Rob and Andy wanted to take a first pass at the script, and I was delighted. They wanted a shorter, tighter, snar, and they're expert editors. When I got back, I read what they had done.

It was shorter, tighter, snar—

But the hobbling scene was gone, replaced with what you see in the movie—the breaks his ankles with a cleaver-hammer.

I returned. I got on the phone with Rob and Andy and told them they had ruined the picture, that it was a great and memorable scene they had changed, it was the reason I had taken the job. I was incandescent (they are friends, they expect that), but I made my point. They just wouldn't budge. The hobbling scene was gone now and forever replaced by the ankle-breaking scene. I hated it, but there it was.

I am a wise and experienced hand at this stuff, and I know when I'm right.

And you know what?

I was wrong. It became instantly clear when we screened the movie. What they had done—was exactly the same scene except for the punishment—worked wonderfully and was shockingly horrific enough. If we had gone the way I wanted, it would have been too much. The audience would have hated Kirby and in mine, hated as.

If I had been in charge, I would never have gone to see. Because people who had seen it would have told you to stay away. When making a movie, it is not the story and not the advertising but this word of mouth. In the movie business, as in real life, we all need all the help we can get. And we need it every step of the way. ■

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don't shake the magazine.

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BY TIM WILLOCKS

gle trapped in a coop. Fuck, yeah. That was it. A coop big enough to fly in. Electric currents buzzed through his bones. Nitrous oxide pumped through his chest. Shocks lightning danced behind his eyes. Man, this was it, man. Primitive chords jangled in his ears. Like cavemen playing guitar in a windowless shed. Darkness. Warm. Deep. Drizzle. All night long.

The latest in a long line of European *littérateurs* who prefer the New World as the most pleasurable setting for contemporary acts of baroque and monumental barbarism (you know, McDonald's, psychic killers, that sort of thing), British writer Tim Willeks (usually, they're French) has set his novel about a prison riot in Texas, a state that he has never visited. English life, he complains, is simply "too tight, too civilized" for such a story. Excerpted above, *Great River Runaway* will be published this month by Morrow. Like Willeks, a successful in drink and alcohol addiction, his central character is a doctor



ly under his shirt. It felt like a hand on. He reminded himself to stay angry, not to go wild. That would be tough, too. Some guys liked a blade, liked the feeling, the personal context. He remembered Agry rooting around in Lord Larry's grove with the meat, the look on Agry's face. Grauenholtz could dig all that sure enough, but he preferred guys no quarrels. He was all full of wonder that day watching the way they did. Pop, pop, pop and man, that was all the worse. Awareness. Two fading screams for words. Horace Tolson lumbered past him with a sack of cement balanced on his shoulder. One side of his beard was gray with dust.

"Get Bubba to fetch Sonny White," said Grauenholtz. "Then tell the guys it's time to run old money now."

As Horace changed course across the yard toward his brother, Grauenholtz walked over to Wilbur. As Wilbur saw him coming, he stood up, folded his paper away and shoved it in his back pocket. Folks were always edgy around Grauenholtz, ever since he could remember. He'd never understood it until one day he'd asked Klein what he thought their boss might be. Klein had told him it was because Grauenholtz was the perfect example of a psychopath he'd ever even heard of. As he approached Wilbur, Grauenholtz put on the cheruby smile that he imagined people liked. Wilbur looked more nervous than ever.

"Permission to use the one Ross Wilbur," said Grauenholtz. Wilbur handed a little. "Sure, Grauenholtz. And can you that same one for me? It's Mr. and as you know that."

"Thank Mr. Wilbur. Thank you."

Grauenholtz walked to the rear of the shop. On his way arms held out for balance, he turned along the top of an iron grate that lay on the ground, waiting to replace a corroded walk stair to the roof of C block. The prison was so fucking old there was always something needed replacing. Both ends of the grate were beveled, like wedges, when they should be beveled to the edge, since it would take it one day long low and had the number 10 printed on when on its side. Throated through the both holes at three points on either side were loops of thick nylon rope for ease of carrying. Grauenholtz pinched off the end and stepped toward the heavy iron bench at the rear of the shop.

The under-block saw was bolted to the back of the bench. It was currently sheltered from Wilbur's view by a large sheet of metal leaning against the front end. Grauenholtz reached on the power at the wall and he and the button on the saw cut. The dark gray circular blade started spinning with a nerve-grinding whine that was amplified by the sheet of steel.

Holy shit. Suddenly Grauenholtz remembered the feeling he'd had while caging a woman in his Garden District apartment, one of those beaches who were scots and pulled down every G's a year. As he'd fucked her without coming, he'd listened to Howlin' Wolf at top volume singing "Wang Dang Doodle" as his Williamson and had carved his initials—HG—on her tits with a ballroom knife. It had given him the same light-headed feeling he was getting now. Man, he hadn't killed the woman because he'd left her with the scars and a hundred thousand dollars worth of psychotropic zips to pay for. If he'd thought about getting caught—and he hadn't—then maybe he would've killed her, but the thought had never crossed his mind.

That was because as Klein had carefully explained, Grauenholtz was one of those individuals—rare even in Green River—for whom there was no gap between thought and action, and for whom any consideration of future, of consequences, was quite alien. Some life talked of taking each day as it came. Grauenholtz took each minute. The only time he thought about the future was when he reminded himself that even, later, or later he would one day die up exactly like his gentle, low shadup, too fat, sorry, and totally fucked. In other words, worse than dead. So why the fuck worry? He liked prison life. Free food and board with a constant view of impending action, a game played day and night for heavy money. He'd missed the pussy at first, of course, but after a while you got longer about that shit. Most guys only pulled off or purchased blow jobs—or got freebies from criers of the sciences—to measure themselves that their equipment still worked. They sure as hell didn't get much pleasure from it. At least Grauenholtz hadn't. The best part had always been hearing those benches warp when he punished them, and now that they weren't around to promise him anymore, he'd miss on his legs from all about them, and see, too.

Grauenholtz's inmate ended as Bubba Tolson brought Sonny White stumbling over, poking him in the back with a thick finger. Sonny's face was a pale green color and his lips trembled and writhed like a box of live fish bait.

"Hey, Sonny, where y'at?" said Grauenholtz with his cheruby smile. He had to speak loud over the scream of the saw blade. War managed a surprising smile in return.

"I got diarrhea," he said. Grauenholtz turned and shook his head. "Shouldn't call it sick," he said. "Don't take care of your own health, as I nobody else gonna."

"I don't like you to that goddamn sick boy in the ordinary. All them legends, you know?"

Grauenholtz nodded to Bubba, who turned over War's scenery first.

"Ford I might catch something worse, you know?" continued War. "Hey, Jesus!"

Bubba sent War from behind with both arms, one exerting but that body, the other clamping a thick, dusty hand over his mouth and nose. War struggled and kicked his legs. Bubba lifted him off the ground and carried him behind the steel sheet concealing the bronze block saw. Grauenholtz looked over to the far corner near the doors, where Horace Tolson was heaving a sack of cement onto the top of a pile. Horace stopped to look at him. Grauenholtz gave him a thumbs up sign, then clinched the thumb into his fist as if pressing a detonator.

Horace picked up a brick, stroled over to Ross Wilbur and smashed him unconscious to the ground with a single blow.

As Horace dragged Wilbur's body inside, out of sight of the gun tower on the west wall, Grauenholtz stepped behind the steel sheet and smiled at War. The screaming whine of the under-block saw increased in shrillness and intensity. Roland Bubba's unmovable hand, War's face was all pulled up and purpled red, his eyes rolling and bulging above his cheeks.

"Okay, mon," shouted Grauenholtz above the noise. "Which one of them sons you wants long on to?"

From 5°

BY NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

Hoodini, who had once escaped a steel-lined Siberian prison van, and the maximum-security cell that held President Garfield's assassin, and even (like Jonah) the carcass of a whale in which he had been sewn fast by surgeons, could not escape death, which surprised him

in a Detroit hospital across from an ironworks where he was pronounced dead of a ruptured appendix on Halloween Day, 1926. In the last minute of his life, his temperature plunged from 104° to 84°. "That was his soul leaving the body," his wife said to the doctor

He was buried in Wisconsin in a bronze casket which he had used in his final performance, airtight and waterproof, it was submerged in a glass tank filled with ice water. Hoodini handcuffed and manacled within. A curtain was drawn over the tank. Two, three, four minutes passed, and there

was no sign of him. Women screamed. Someone pulled the fire alarm. . . . It always went like this. Until Hoodini slunkered down the aisle from the back of the theater and opened the curtain, revealing the tank, empty of water, to be filled with gold coins and the casket gone.

A little Herodotus in the night. That's one of Nicholas Christopher's prescriptions for attaining altered states of historical reverie. The lifelong New Yorker has spent years lassoing the nooks and crannies of history, turning up a series of haunting correspondences across time. The poems in his extraordinary collection, *5°*, due in January from Viking/Penguin, make it clear that history itself is the greatest act of magical realism. Hoodini, says Christopher, "could make an elephant disappear, but that was very pedestrian for him. He was an escape artist who wanted to escape his own death."



The Negro in the Kitchen

BY BARRY LOPEZ

MY DAILY ROUTINE IS SET. Each morning at sunrise—I can determine time of sunrise to within a minute for my latitude and longitude—I'm up and into the shower. Then I prepare a fresh breakfast, which I vary meticulously, according to a strict weekly schedule (in my reading on human evolution and in my studies of debilitating human diseases, I have seen constant evidence that a lack of seasonal variety brings on poor health. It predisposes one to a whole range of cancers, to chronic fatigue and early death. My diet, therefore, is both precisely matched to change of climate as my latitude is degrees north and perfectly suited to my body, a biochemistry known to me in detail thanks to a long-term series of tests at the Scripps Clinic—for once of healthy meals in the temperate, seasonal fluctuations in the concentration of vitamins, the sort of thing).

So I begin each day with the very reasonable coordinates of local sunrise and weather permitting, have my breakfast on a wide porch overlooking the Wood River, where woods often call me, particularly if it's been a night of bad dreams.

My wife, a very undisciplined woman, can off several years ago. Our children, done of their, have two of their own, but I'm in touch with them regularly. My companions are three Sumatran cats of the neo-toconomic Van Coten strain—and a parroted Akita, which I've named from pap pyrolysis and which has a pile of blue ribbons (I'll run twice as fast as a weasel).

On the morning I wish to speak of, I entered the kitchen at a little after five and saw a large Negro standing there, a man dressed in baggy khaki slacks and a plain but rather shabby long-sleeved shirt. Resting on the floor near him was a not-very-large leather shoulder satchel. He had his back to me at the open patch door and with out turning around, "I've got a second place—I hope you don't mind."

Well, I thought, how am I going to mind? Besides, he looked robustly healthy, even refined. The dog hadn't barked and even now wasn't disturbed by him. He was standing by his bowl, waiting for his springwater. So I said, "No line. It's fine. I can prepare two portions—but you'll have to eat what I eat."

He seemed disinclined to speak but in about ten of roasts, stirring off into the quaking apron and the cotton waste. I made some fresh orange juice, lightly frothed two shots of lean insulin, dashed out my own yogurt for each of us, and served on the porch with Keegan coffee—none of the South or Central American beans are good for me.

We began eating in silence. His table manners were good. Why had he come in? Would he attempt to push his way further into the house now? Would he ask to use the shower? When had he moved the house? I gave away nothing of my apprehension but wondered if I should mention, of course, my schedule, a need to be at the office by 7:00.

"I never look up, you know," I said. "Where did you come from?"

"I came from Connecticut. Greenwich. I have a house near there. Financial considerations."

"But you're visiting here? Are you lost?"

"No, no. I'm working. I'm taking a long walk. I walked here from Connecticut."

"But that's two thousand miles!"

"It's exactly. A very long way. I've been walking through the countryside most of the time, off of the roads, over brush and over orchards, garden vegetables—and depending on the hospitality of people such as yourself, for which I'm most grateful."

"I have read, in fact, some good books about being off the land," he said, reaching for his satchel, "one of which is exceptional. Do you know them? He showed me the cover. No. I never know anything about this sort of thing when I was growing up. I grew up in Boston, we were the black bourgeoisie, you know. My father was a lawyer. We never did anything like this."

"Would you like another shot of juice?" I make one for myself. And I can actually, now, offer you some papaw wine—delicious—which I won't use until Thursday. I keep to a strict diet—so say it."

"Yes. Thank you."

"So, I ventured, waiting for the toast to pop back. From here you will just be on your way?"

"That's right. Are you thinking I might need the adventure?" He inclined his head toward the little seven-year-old I use only for the news.

"It's perhaps not quite as absurd as you think," I corrected. "Who are you anyway? A stranger who shows up in

my kitchen—large and—let's be frank—black?" I wanted to be firm but not scary, and I was.

"About a year ago," he answered, spreading the marble on his vast (but directly from the jar). I decided I wanted to see what lay west of Connecticut. As a boy I traveled everywhere in Europe. I finished a degree in history at the Southern—yes, I taught in Krishna for a year, a disaster that unfolded over four months after I returned to the States (finished an M.A. at Penn—Wharton. A year on Wall Street—among I want say some of the worst people I've ever known. Infallible, pathologically selfish. That drove me to an up prove practice in Greenwich, where I've done well. I have a gift for meeting."

"The an investment counselor, right here in this Valley. That's exactly what I do. I'm a white cat in a tree."

"But I had never been off for any length of time in the country—not in the wilderness, not outdoors or so forth but in the countryside. I should have been cautious, you know, about asking any blacks, even guide riders, perhaps. But I went about five years ago—just try to imagine that! I saw a reading popular books about American Indians. Berry M. Hunt at Winthrop Row. The Man Who Killed the First Black Elk. I thought it was all a bit strange—out of touch, you know. But the more I read, the more I got caught up in it. I should mention, of course, my schedule, a need to be at the office by 7:00."

"Let me make you some more coffee."

"Thank you. So I went to Keegan. My ancestors were Kikuyu, hunked out to Zanzibar by Arabs in the 1800s. I looked into that history—Myers, Songora in Missouri, Simba in the Congo. The names probably mean nothing to you, but those people were fearless fighters—driven by every Arab slave. I admired them. I admired them. I saw whatever it was I was after in Africa—the forest, some sense of slavery—I never found it. I went home. I decided this African direction was irresponsible for me. The place I loved, the place I was truly part of, was so obviously the Connecticut River Valley. I had known this as a boy—my parents had a house there. My own children—I have two—a boy, a girl twelve—love that place. My wife as well. Why was I trying to find some place in Africa?" I didn't know.

"I don't actually have to leave for work. Do you mind, I might have another toast?"

"Certainly."

"When I was standing in the kitchen I could just see my father's head above the counter, just the French door. His index fingers were braced against his pained lips. He moved his hands beautifully. I wondered if he had been successful in sports."

"I'm quite excited with this story of yours," I declared, sitting back down and studying for a moment the way light was shimmering on the surface of the river.

"You're interested. But you don't know what to make of it. An educated black, on income probably comparable to your own. Probably over a poleas not much different from your own. Dismissing."

"Well, whatever you're doing out there in the woods, you seem determined to make something of yourself. That's admirable."

"My life was handed to me." He caught my eye. "True for you?" I didn't answer. I went to good foods, I met no resistance getting what I wanted. In Harlem I was even less friendly, controlled by racism. But that was not enough. All I had read about Indians before I went to Africa, only that time it struck me in a very different way. I wanted to become an African American indigenous."

"And what is that?"

"A black man who identifies with the American landscape, who fractures the immensity of his heritage in this country so completely that he finally gains a convincing oneness with the place, the very place that for so long had been unapproachable. I had always imagined the hills, the rivers, the sky regarding to the way whites did at interlopers. Because I thought whites owned the land, that they were the same. We were strangers, whose inquiries, whose desire for companionship, were not welcome."

I reached blindly for my Brownie 35. I took on the window ledge. "This small bird that just flew by—excuse me—I need to identify it. I have only one bird to go, but then I will have seen every one that lives in this valley. And you please, yes, I am listening—but here it is, solitary voice. Wonderful. Go ahead. Wonderful!"

"I needed to use the breadth of the land. To be in it. To hold it and be held by it."

"Yes. Yes. You may not think this relates to what you're doing, but I grew up in Bell Air, and I needed to see the land, which is why I built this house."

So about seven months ago, I left Connecticut and started walking toward the Pacific. I started for many from across land as much as I could off the land, wild land and desaturated land. I could, right now, walk into those arctic, take one of those stones there by the snow, cut a shirk, hunker it, and put someone on your side before noon. I can do that—but in no way am I aware to this day, because yogurt, to your bread and oranges. This is Kenyan tea. I needed yes.

"My dream," he continued, "took this focus to travel in tranquility across the country to flow beneath the road in making very little disturbance. I lived on the rim of the Pacific. I've taught myself all sorts of things in this process. I can now grow three or four days without food. I can restore the songs of almost two hundred birds—that was a female ruby-crowned kinglet, by the way, not a solitary vireo."

"Damn. You got that?"

"—and moved nearly as fast in the dark as I can in day light. I've myself the risk, for example, of crossing town in past ten days, moving slowly, but thirty miles a night, with out being seen. Not so much as one dog barked. In Wyoming, I stayed for a short time with the Crow. A very interesting kind of people. Caesar had Crow accounts, you know. They and the Archaes were the only tribes in the West who decided it was pointless to fight white people. When any boy is older, I'm going to send him to live with the Crow."

"We had Indians in my family. My mother was one-eighth Cherokee. This one accounts?"

"Only a few hundred miles to go now. Another few weeks and I'll reach the Pacific. I want to taste western

New York collections. Rugged outerwear. The new Yves. Latin class.

On Fashion: Woody Hoffswender

Mid-Nineties Men

NEXT TO BASEBALL and trout, fashion probably has more silly stuff written about it than any other subject. This is perhaps unavoidable, since the clothing business has such a multiplicity of seasons, collections, trends, and styles, rivaling in their idiosyncratic variety the world of hand-tied flies.



Group happens: Designers in the latest Gump spirit included Calvin Klein's son (left), Alexander McQueen (above) and John Bartlett (right).

What's more, fashion designers are a strange unpredictable crew. Last year in this time, they were dressing up like lumberjacks or Seattle rock stars with lots of plaid shirts, thick belts and spindly construction boots. Now they are putting us back in



Midrange: Men by firm led by Louis Vuitton, Ralph Lauren, and Jil Sander.

proper suits with waistcoats and all that to put one's trust in that.

All things considered, though we do occasionally catch a glimpse of something from the parade of fashion, certain hallmarks of style or an inkling as to what, say, the mid-Nineties guy is shipping up to be. Lately the two mainstays, Beckenbombed, rough-hewn, neoromantic look seems to be falling out of favor and a more sophisticated style is returning. For the coming year, the men's wear trade seems caught between a new, dapper look for men and a deconstructed formal Gump-ian, a newly early 80s look featuring camp shirts, short pants, windbreakers and horn-rimmed glasses. It seems to have emanated from the Bronx High School of Sci-



ence circa 1959. Bonafide figures show a country clearly in love with Gump, so it is probably no surprise that New York designers hoisted at on his unadorned spirit in their spring 1995 collections (although how they suited upon a when the movie had barely hit the screen is a mystery). Collections with



Schlemmer: Karan's white trousers, left, Klein's suit, bottom left.

does have broad appeal. Some of the fashion houses' dapper trends or at least they make up their own firm, within a canon of men's wear history and the private wing women. Ralph Lauren showed his men's wear indoors under a sun with how wood trees, wide er boards, looks, and a bubbling fountain, modeling. Karl Lagerfeld's vision at Cien

clothes suitable for the Babo Gump Shrimp Company included Alexander Julian John Bartlett, and New York's West Side Irish gang, the Womans, for its Fifth Avenue. Short-sleeved shirts and plain-front trousers are back, as are slacks. Suits are still in the "TFC" era in Calvin Klein's latest ground CK collection. Thin, cropped trousers with black belts and whose socks may not be for everyone, but the idea of impenetrable, old-style, regular guy clothes

polished. Tailored clothes were paired with more relaxed pieces: a dark pinstripe jacket over cream linen waistcoat and pants, and a pair of a cream silk heron-patterned jacket over tan plaid linen trousers.

This midrange look—strict, tailored pieces mixed with more casual elements—was repeated in several collections. At Tommy Hilfinger and Nigel's by Nick and David

Beckenbombed: In pink, from trousers, left, and with patch pockets by Ralph Lauren.



it was seen in the mix of woady, plaid, with stripes in the same ensemble. Wolfgang Joop, the German designer, showed his models in monochromatic, pinstriped, worn with dark dress shirts and vibrant ties. Alexander Julian put sporty grey vests under linen suits. Joseph Abboud had embroidered linen vests under his.

Domena Karan was inspired by a trip to Morocco, and her guy and beige linen suits seemed to have been considerably led by the sun. Nick Hahn, the son of the Norwegian Hahn not making company, is noted the bold look, promulgated by Equine just after World War II. With a strong, shoulder lines, three-button jackets and full trousers.

Calvin Klein showed two distinct collections: the CK line, which had a 3-piece, first-faded look, very much of the moment, and his high-end collection, which featured sleek, silk-colored wool and linen suits in his perfect long, lean silhouette. (The designer says he was inspired by Modigliani.)

The shakelander, Suits not been a fiasco, which debuted at spring time at a Greenwich Village, bowing slightly with the models, clasp, grey, hair and leather pattern. But similar suit shapes were shown by New Republic's Thom Churn and Jan Schuman, whose own knowledge of early men's wear forms spotted the collection. This is for the guy with a certain amount of fashion sense, who enjoys the "supermodel" look and off-hand manner of the clothes. Forget about your inner-city time to wear a plain old woady-look again.



Schlemmer: Karan's white trousers, left, Klein's suit, bottom left.

Breast Men

BREAST men's not just a woman's issue, and men's wear designers have joined in this fall's fashion. Target's Breast Cancer campaign with a limited edition T-shirt, below, is the first of its kind. They're 95 cents, with 95 percent to breast cancer research.





Long enough to cover,
short enough to move.
Hidden on a side pocket
by 17 thoughtful details,
this jacket will suit the
finesse of a man who knows
he has more to offer than
the average. Hidden places
to touch, figure out
details and enjoy a lot
of light for the best of
this jacket and what he
wishes to wear next
to. Perfectly, all by
John Galiani





ESQUIRE: BY LISA FOR PRESSURE MEN; AT THE PLAZA HOTEL NEW YORK: NICKOLA JORD; TIGER: NICKOLA JORD; JORD: SEVEN SEVEN

**Traditional leather
and high-tech
alternatives:** A slick
warlike brief, hand-made
black, single, hand cut
to shape, custom-cut by
Robert Tuller's
leather shop in Portland,
Oregon. Leather jacket
by Robert Tuller's
leather shop in Portland,
Oregon. Wool coat by
Robert Tuller's
leather shop in Portland,
Oregon. Wool coat by
Robert Tuller's
leather shop in Portland,
Oregon.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY TROY WORD

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For share information see page 345.

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Our Man in Miami

Pop singing sensation Jon Secada steps out in style in Miami's Little Havana

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAYN KASSER



Secada wears "Sonora" shirt
and trousers by TK Calvin Klein;
a Cuban shirt by Carlos Kline;
a custom-made suit by Rick
Kushner; a pair of shoes by
Hugoboss; a pair of sunglasses
and a watch by Gucci; a pair of
shoes by Gucci; a pair of shoes
by Gucci; a pair of shoes by
Gucci; a pair of shoes by Gucci.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAYN KASSER



In heels and apart: Three-foot wood jacket, vinyl trousers, and Cuban opera's color shirt by Gianni Righi; suit by J. M. Weston. Opposite: Secada's costume manager by Paul Cadogan; striped cotton shirt by Tomaso Fighi; silk tie by Brooks Brothers

For more information see page 153

With a second smash album and a cool new look, Cuban-born singer-songwriter Jon Secada has the kind of talent and style that turn crossover dreams into reality.

IN THE SUNNY LITTLE HAVANA section of Miami, a crowd of Cuban locals has gathered on the sidewalk to watch pop phenomenon Jon Secada be photographed. Some of the older folk remember his aunt, Norma Secada, a famous bolero singer in Cuba. They call out to him in Spanish, wanting autographs, photos. Never more than your average star, Secada obliges. "It happens everywhere I go," he says. "Especially with the Latin people, who think I'm part of the family. And I treat them as if they are."

Secada's success can be pinpointed to a moment halfway through a show on Glorias Estrada's *Foro* the night world tour, when the reigning Latin queen of pop gave the stage over to her then protégé for four minutes. That solo performance turned Secada into a star. Now, with the powerful Miami sound machinery of Gloria and Emilio Estefan propelling him, the thirty-three-year-old singer seems unstoppable. His eponymous 1992 debut album sold six million copies worldwide, spawned a clutch of hit singles, and earned an impressive number of awards, including a Grammy for the Spanish-language version. His second album, released this year, features the number-one ballad "If You Go." And Frank Sinatra challenged him to a duet. Even a fall can't keep Secada down: When he tumbled into a hole in the stage on opening day of the World Cup at Chicago's Soldier Field, he kept on singing—from the hole.

"He's like a folk hero," says Ingrid Isenhardt, a fellow Cuban and Miami-area Secada's new "image consultant."

Why change him? "He had a Latin, ethnic image," she explains. "It was a market he'd already tapped into. He needed to be more mainstream. So I broadened his horizons."

Actually, Secada's crossover process started early, in 1971, when his parents fled Castro's Cuba for the mecca of Miami. Though they settled in the predominantly Hispanic community of Hialeah, Secada didn't grow up 100 percent Cuban. "I didn't listen to Latin music," he says. "Most Cuban kids listened to disco and salsa, my interests were more pop." Even his buddies were mostly Anglos, what he calls "crossover friends." To this day, Secada claims that he can't really dance. "Well, I can dance salsa, but not that great."

After receiving a master's degree in jazz vocal performance from the University of Miami, Secada taught voice for six years at Miami-Dade Community College. Then he met Emilio Estefan through two college friends who had joined the Miami Sound Machine. Estefan signed him as an artist but kept him in production, where he labored for the likes of Don Johnson and Pin Zedek, "getting my chops together." Eventually, he spent three years just working with Gloria.

Now, with a tough divorce behind him, a fresh look, an enviable bank account, and a spiffy new Lexus, Secada's ready to rock. "I love beautiful ladies," he says, flashing teeth. "I'm very passionate. I love to love." But, beautiful ladies, be forewarned: He's married to his muse.

—STEPHEN SHEREY





CARS

Phil Patton

The Jag with Nine Lives

AT THE JAGUAR FACTORY IN Coventry, they talk about "growlers and leapers." The growler is the full fford, open-mouthed hood ornament, absent for several years from the XJ saloons due to what Mike Dale, president of Jaguar North America, calls its "sackability." Now the leaper rides again, on the hood of the new XJ series, just arriving in showrooms, lending a grace note to the lines of cars that have traditionally shared the feline status of the animal itself.

These are the most elegant Jags in years. While other carmakers have shaped and welded their shapes, Jaguar has retained the long hood and deck that have made it an object not only of envy but of mystic homage. But in the '90s, in an effort as misguided as that of the Little Rock opium who once mistook it for Hillary Rodham Clinton, designers stuck thick, inorganic-looking headlights on the cars to make them appear more up-to-date. These have now been discarded in favor of a return to Jaguar's round quad headlights, set in a sculpted, eyebrow-shaped hood. Deafened by chrome, they seem to hover in their housings. The taillights, which had resembled similar heavy-handed treatment, now rise off in a fast diagonal to either side of the characteristic wide, wrinkle-trunk handle—known in Jaguar design as the "fore pinc" and to the man on the largest in the "steep." The company is so proud of its design that the great cars wear carotid rings of insulating tape and reflective paint to confound spies.

These XJs are the first new Jags since the company was sold to Ford in 1989. In the '80s and '90s, when one CEO bore the Whigston name of FRW "Lolly" England, Jaguar was repeatedly "saved," but quality slipped. Three years ago, it rated twenty-fifth in J.D. Power's customer satisfaction index (but it's never lost its position among the most prestigious marques a tribute to the tradition of "Grace, space, and pace" housed in Jaguar's classic mono (One of the first things CIA man Aldrich Ames spent the KGB's money on was a new Jag). Ford has cut costs and improved quality in three weeks last year, the company reported on a cranky forty-year-old assembly line in its factory in Coventry and replaced it with a high-tech one. The CSI rating has risen from twenty-five to ten, and sales in the U.S. are up by a quarter that year—even before the new XJs arrived.

This new curve is echoed in the new body, which, like classic C-type racers or the XK2, is the more interesting for spragging from a society that can seem so well, square. But Jaguar's curves have always reflected the landscape of its origins, and engineers using the XJs seemed regularly from Coventry into the surrounding hills and west to Wales, where Jaguar chose to introduce the new cars.

The state of Welsh infrastructure is not unlike that of Welsh orthography. It reads those curves and rises as you as suddenly as the language produces double consonants and odd vowels. The new XJs are shown to prove advantage where drivers at high speed on narrow lanes navigated through hedgerows, with no more shoulders than Kate Moss, and a flock of sheep or an old man on a bike pops up to test the new vacuum-pump brake system.

As if calculated to make you appreciate simply sitting in the car, a key suddenly steps in the main line of a Welsh village. As you advance the deep foot wells or the buried wheel of the dash, from the back of the vehicle marked by a POWELL HIGH CLARK INTERIOR, a boy in a white car hails out a sheep dressed for dinner, then two, five, a dozen—a bad dream of all the sheep you nearly killed.

New refinements have given the engine to percent more power—145 horse—worth. You can still shoot the great if preposterous V-12, which puts out 115, but the real star is the six-cylinder engine of the XJR, the company's first supercharged model and a dramatically new kind of car. An 80 percent stiffer suspension makes the XJR more surefooted than the heavier V-12, and with its Eton supercharger, the engine leaps obediently rather than growl under pressure. Behind an elegant leather-and-wood wheel has variable assist power steering that shifts up curves like headlight lenses.

Jaguar's stylists have gone a little wild with the XJR, creating a grille with the clean-cut pattern of classic racers. New body colors such as Caribbean turquoise, sapphire chrome on the grille and magenta. And the car rides smoothly riding eight-inch wheels that shape and size of its wheels wheel with the new necessary riding on it.

Such details—and the smoothly muscular leaper on the hood—make this car a landmark for Jaguar, a ready-made classic. Since Ford is moving to consolidate its development of large cars in Detroit, not Coventry, there may never be another Jag quite as jagged as

Jaguar XJR Technical Features

- Engine: Supercharged, Intercooled, 300-hp, 3.9-liter, 16-valve, 4-cylinder, 16-valve
- Transmission: 2F electronic, four-speed automatic
- Acceleration: 0 to 60 in 6.7 seconds
- Top speed: 153 mph
- Other features: ABS traction control, variable-assist power steering
- Estimated price: \$61,000



BOOKS

Will Blythe

Can't We All Just Get It On?

IF THERE'S ONE thing modern shouldn't have to trouble with their erotica, it's blaise. Life-affirming passion about how everybody is okay regardless of their sexual preference. It's like being served a dollop of chocolate syrup in your Scotch. What we want when we read erotica are not morality tales but, usually, tales. Which is why the lesbian porno actress Steve Nigley's *The First American Bitch* (1994, Touchstone), featuring a variety of straight and gay erotica, will have its readers in a better of politically incorrect situations, despite the abundance of whips, chains, nipple clamps, latex gloves, and strap-on dildos that the book wears so proudly as badges of sexual authenticity. The truth is that this collection is so therapeutic in intent that it feels like the lead of material that a hip young preacher might prescribe for couples whose marriages have hit a dry spell.

Coeditor "Niece of the Abuse," by Bernadette Lynn Bosley (whose bio reveals that she also writes about "race acceptance and body image"), a story whose lurid theme cycles the raped materialism, the victim, furry area, that facilitates so many of these tales set in a cybernetic, Nigley's narrative offers the most adventures of a "suburban-gangster" woman who struts as a "body-sculpting" hottie given by Kikoni, a gluttonous "admirer." After a series of encounters of the mashing variety, the heroine arrives at the peak of her mode—in a back bedroom with two discs known as the Hypo. As near as I can tell, they are blobs of indeterminate gender who practice a telepathic but nonetheless gloopy sexuality. "We shared physical touch," the narrator confesses, "and we shared thoughts, and all of it was sex." (Boy these items can really shake up a girl—and all without saying a word.) The Hypo have barely commenced down when the protagonist is breaking things, the Hypo's handler, another sensitive type who waxes with joy after they finish. Then it's time for the worst kind of pillow talk—waxy, anonymous blather about sexual freedom. "Perhaps," our heroine reflects, "a future range of [sexual] choices would always be too long-term."

No one should expect sex to be well written, but not should you have to ask the question: Is this erotica or the rainbow curriculum?

Now women walk at bedtime armed in the form of an eroticon excerpt from Leslie Robinson's *Sex Back Then*, the story of a lesbian who seduces Anne, a man-year woman, by pretending to be—how come?—a man. They are, which usually involves some subterfuge, leaves Anne overworked, proving the old saw that only a woman knows what another woman really wants. "It's like you got

a brain in your dick instead of a dick for a brain," Anne confesses to her seducer. Alas, the relationship founder when Anne attacks a relative's homosexuality. "Just Anne," her lover says. "How can you hate somebody just because of who they love?" "You like faggots?" Anne responds, incredulous. "We aren't all the same, Anne," she is counseled. "So what?"

As sexual fantasies, these tales are largely about the desire for closeness, legitimacy, absolution. Tired as an Archaic Freudian, they present an ideology of narrative and consolation that sets out of its charge: desire and mystery. Sometimes the plea for acceptance meets sexual propositions, at least to my ungenerous ear, as in Michael Lowenthal's "Bitch on Side," which commemorates the struggles of a lonely girl who (fortunately) can't get it without protection. "My car does look a bit of an unusual part of me," he announces in the somber, righteous tones of the oppressed. "In doing my preference, they were denying my very being."

For too many characters in this anthology seem to want permission to be bad. Even one of the narrator and more accomplished stories, Pat Child's "Unleash Sex," appears ashamed of the desire to attack and leaves a sort of literary and ethical apology within its text. A dignified waltz homosexual is drawn to Manhattan's most popular dinner for a rough encounter with, yes, a big black man. "What kind of rough encounter does he think I am, so he sweeps off my feet by that old chestnut, that third couple of adult pornography, the muscular, black back with a monstrous pair of arms?"

In evoking the place to apologize for the unacceptance forms that desire often takes? This tendency may well be the inevitable consequence of pornography's awkward passage from the bawdy notes of adult bookstores to the wholesome, mass-market platforms of E. Dutton's say where it seems to be sold largely to women. In the process, porn sheds its gritty-by-nature for the proper suburban sets of men. This erotica is a secret love embraced by its own uneasy nature. For, by contrast, means never having to say you're sorry. And, if we're going to make a literature of desire, then it's worth notes for absolution. (There isn't much room for literature, either, but that's clear given point's single-mindedness.)

The odd marker that this anthology makes is to expose the wrong kind of necessary position, a substitute to that evangelized, hygienic impulse in American culture that calls everyone to trouble their darker selves into the cleansing light. (Usually TV lists those dirty old of absolution. What most Americans really want, judging from this collection, is not just, wicked sex, but to be held by Maria and told that they're okay, they're normal, they're just like everyone else. ■



Julie Baumgold

♂ and the Naked Prince

A YEAR SPLASHES DOWN the Prince's cloak. Behind him, the Princess's face is blank with either pain or absence of thought. It is a memorial conceit. Who knows what thought has seared her expression? It wouldn't dare guess. "There's been so much speculation leading on every other kind of speculation," Prince Charles says to Jonathan Demme by in his TV biography. "Just look at the level of intrusion—creeping, peering, snooping, eavesdropping, the way the press opens everything."

Well, Charles says, he doesn't read most of it. "Other way, you go half-and-half." In he knows. This is the correct pose—the head with his head turned in the sand and his leathery ramp voicing a target.

"They just answer it and then give it this extra version of so called accuracy," says Charles.

He is at the end of a marriage, "intensely broken down," in both having "trad," he says. Others might say I couldn't please him/her what-



Getting down: His back wear purple and on have any woman (leg, waist, but which way would you rather be?)

ever I did. Or, you checked, you had. We grow apart. Finally Diana gave up and put on the headphones playing ♀ who once was Prince. Finally, Charles went to his garden, a place where he should have learned that if it goes up north, it is a word. They can put all the cameras and listening devices on anyone, and still every marriage is a house of secrets. Charles and Diana will each have cooperated on a new book this month, and it will go on—the divorce that is not quite a divorce but a marriage broken into a war of poses.

In the Demme film, Charles speaks of how hard it is to marry "one" this organization, "by which he means his family." It is a case of the become-famous versus the born-famous. In the light and dark, the perils of the people's love or hate, the same never distinguishes. The famous person goes in from and never sees the small world in his wife, the joy or havoc caused by his presence, the change in the room. He goes ahead and, if he is here forever, he can never quite know what it's like on the other side of those lines with hands outstretched, eyes aghast.

"They are watching every move," Charles says, for he is the prey. "It would be all right if they actually went away."

but they don't. Wherever you are, there's somebody hiding behind something with these huge lenses and magification. You can sit a mile away quite happily and photograph through windows and everything else, and they do."

They do. So how can a fellow do his job, which is to leave a "warm afterglow" always in his wake, when they find him made in a towel?

He goes off to paint his watercolors. As I watched him sharpening his colored pencils, I realized that in some ways a

single he better to be ♀ than Prince Charles. ♀ has a man to sharpen his pencils. The man sits behind him on a plane and hands him sharpened pencils. Also ♀ has the movie. He crawls, clothes, jumps from speakers, does the full body stunts and what The New York Times calls "amorous push-ups," holds the male between his legs. Charles keeps his left hand in his pocket ♀ protects Charles's loose pants. ♀'s men wear satin suits and hand him guitars. Prince Charles's men wear gray and hand him speeches. ♀ walks around in sheer black lace jumpers and

high heels, sucking on a "Tootsie Pop." Charles wears blue shirts with spread collars and a tie, even no pants. Both get hugged by the unwanted. ♀ is able to admit to Vibe he hates it when the barbers say hello and crash his hair head so he can't play the piano, while Charles must suffer the occasional sweaty hug. Charles must sit on the plates of mystery foods placed before him, while ♀ turns down all food but his lolly on a whole Concord grape. ♀'s philosophy is "Love for love, without love you don't live," while Charles believes in self-discipline and cold showers and that "the only way you learn is to take the falls." Though they both wear make-up, occasional purple, use the word as a prop, have their own moustaches, pass through outdoor underwear, get women, believe the public does not have a right to know everything, and have their mild side (of ♀ "Ladies don't forget to tell your men how you want to be done tonight," Charles. "I'll just live inside your trousers"), ♀ could give up his Prince does, which Charles can do only by becoming king or by abdicating. Plus Diana loves to ♀.

Charles has to be so careful. That is why he uses words like usually and rather, which modify (continued on page 159)

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